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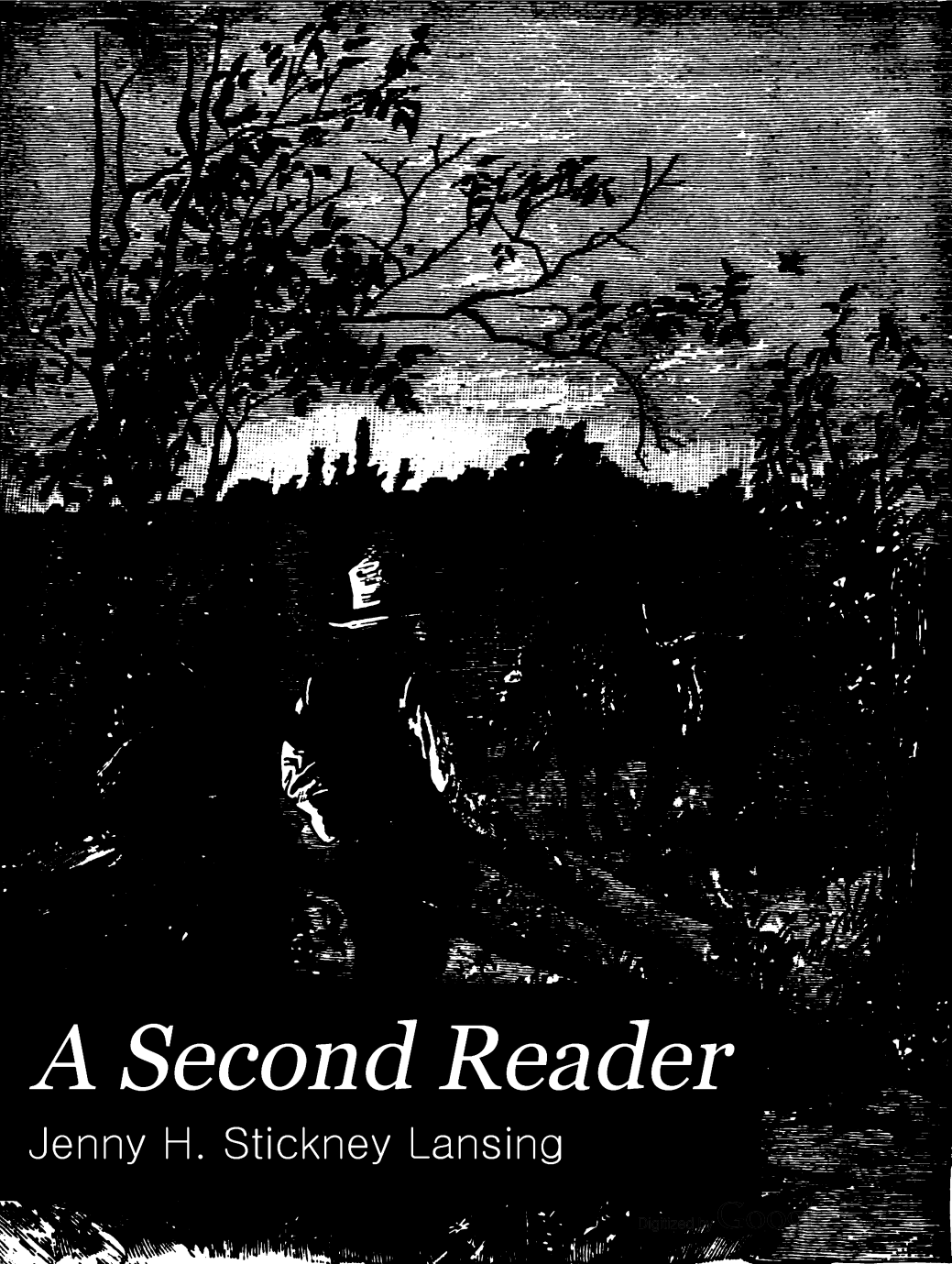

A Second Reader

Jenny H. Stickney Lansing

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CLASSICS FOR CHILDREN.

A SECOND READER.

STICKNEY.

BOSTON, U.S.A.:
GINN & COMPANY.
1897.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

CHILDREN are here introduced to real reading. We have sought to provide stories and verses which shall have the same interest for them as the magazine of *belles lettres* has for grown people, and yet be entirely suited to their small powers.

The guiding principle has been the cultivation of a taste for reading; and nothing, we think, is included which will not promote right feeling, and lead to the appreciation of what is excellent.

A considerable number of the selections are standard, or classic, in the accepted sense. The remainder are in the simple narrative style, which makes reading easy. After an almost exhaustive research, the best short stories were found close at hand in recent juvenile magazines. By special arrangement, we are able to use both stories and illustrations, in a large number of cases, from "Our Little Ones," the literary successor of the "Nursery."

We appreciate that the way to learn to read is by reading, and have given material for a larger amount of practice than is common in books of this grade. Yet we do not forget that more is required in a reader than a collection of readings, however well adapted these may be. Provision is made for the daily study of words and idioms, the development of language, and the ready use of script.

It is customary to place at the head of a lesson the new words that occur in it. We have thought it wise to present all words, whether new or not, which could possibly be found difficult of recognition. This gives to any single lesson the appearance of carrying a larger number of new words than other readers. The truth is often quite the reverse.

A few songs, interspersed here and there, to add to the interest, have been kindly furnished by Mr. L. W. Mason, Director of Music, and author of Music Readers.

Other items of possible value to teachers are given under Notes and Suggestions.

J. S. Cushing & Co., Printers, Boston.

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NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

A. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of the *Preparatory Word Study.* It should be a next to invariable rule that no lesson shall be read until its Word Study has been followed out. Standing at the head of the reading, it should say to the child: "Here are all the hard places you will find. Master these few words and you can read a delightful story with perfect ease." The work will then be undertaken with direct reference to a manifest reward. The following points summarize the principles of Word Study: —

1. In cases where the letters have their usual sounds, pupils should be taught to find out the word. If directed to call such a word *something,* most pupils will call it rightly, and where they do not, the need for the study of sounds and syllable combinations is shown.

2. In cases of an opposite character, it is better to tell the word outright, teaching it as a whole, by the form-process or sight-method.

3. In the many cases where, though not strictly regular in construction, the word can be marked to indicate its sound, it should be made plain by the diacritical mark or the sounding of its vowel elements. And if the word is one of a class, its congeners should be taught as an exercise in phonic spelling.

B. The breaking up of long words into syllables helps in giving confidence to children when they meet them. The vowel thus becomes the key to a syllable, and the succession of syllables expresses an idea, as the succession of words in a sentence expresses a thought. The common prefixes and suffixes should be recognized as wholes, — *con-, -ly, -ment, -able, in-, -on, -less, -full,* and others, should become as easy to grasp as a single letter. In blackboard lessons, the teacher secures this by covering the remaining portion of a word. The following words illustrate a kind of lesson of great interest to children: —

IM-	CAL-	CON-
IM-ME-	CAL-I-	CON-SID-
IM-ME-DI-	CAL-I-FOR-	CON-SID-ER-
IM-ME-DI-ATE-	CAL-I-FOR-NI-	CON-SID-ER-A-
IM-ME-DI-ATE-LY	CAL-I-FOR-NI-A	CON-SID-ER-A-BLE

The reverse process of writing a long word and then cutting from it parts recognized as syllables until only one syllable is left, is of equal value and interest. *Circumstances, misunderstanding, responsibility* are examples. It is of little consequence whether the words are fully understood. It is better that they should be familiar to the ear.

C. The right use of the voice is of great help in intelligent reading. It hardly matters how long a pupil halts before a questioned word, if he keeps the thread of the sentence in mind; or how slowly he may read, if there is no break

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in the continuity of voice modulation. Read, "This — has — been — a — fine — day," without the least drawling of the words, but with natural expression, and it will appear that both reader and listeners may be taught to hold their attention and interest where time must be taken to find out a word.

D Silent Reading. — We recommend even at this early stage the beginning of a systematic silent reading. A part of the time given now to slate work would be much more profitably spent in the reading of some book either previously read aloud, or so simple as to be in the main intelligible. Questioning afterward upon what has been read gives opportunity for the best possible language training. The call for short stories suitable for such reading will soon be fully met.

E. The Use of Poetry. — With respect to poetry teachers fall into two distinctly marked classes, the one almost utterly eschewing it, and the other making it their chief resource for the cultivation of expression.

It is a fact that children are fond of poetry, and that the love of poetry is the love of literature, — one of the noblest recreations the mind can have. It would seem, therefore, to be every teacher's duty to inspire in children's minds a growing taste for standard poetry. The droning *sing-song* will readily yield to musical rhythm if a sufficient number of pleasant rhymes and verses are repeated, and the reading will follow the style of the recitation.

F. Another item on which teachers differ relates to the time to give to a single lesson. It is now quite generally thought better to use a new lesson each day. Ninety per cent of the words are common to nearly all the lessons, and children read with better expression what is fresh to them. The practice of examining children on new reading has done away with a system of drill which was stultifying in the highest degree.

G. Method in Learning to Write. — This is the period in the school course for teaching a child to write. His penmanship is *improved* in the years that follow; but after the completion of this reader he should have command of script both to read and write.

Three kinds of lessons are needful: —

1. The training indicated in the series called "Vio's Lessons," where the teacher gives her time and effort to the training of her class in principles.

2 The constant copying of sentences, beginning when the child has nothing to show but a line of broken curves which no one could read, and ending in the faithful reproduction of the original. This is begun, in some schools, with little or no reference to the knowledge of the words written. Progress appears to be slight at first, but when once the pupil learns to follow the direction of lines it is very rapid.

3. The writing of short sentences without a copy. This can come only where the forms of the letters are well known By a little care in selecting, however, it is possible to make a limited number of letters go a great way.

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THE ALPHABET.

TWELVE STUDIES.

I. Repeat the letters of the alphabet in their order. Write them, using first small letters, and then capitals. Count them.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N

o p q r s t u v w x y z
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

II. Name the VOWELS in order. Name the CONSONANTS. Tell how many of each.

III. Choose a vowel, place a consonant before it, call it a *syllable*, and pronounce it. Write the syllable, and put the MACRON (–) over the vowel.

Do the same with each vowel. Sing the Phonic song, *Ba be bi bo bu.*

IV. Choose a consonant, a vowel to follow it, then another consonant to follow the vowel. Write the three like a syllable or word. Note that the vowel has become a short sound instead of a long. Pronounce the syllable, and put the BREVE (⏑) over the vowel. Use all the vowels thus. Write a list of words, following this type. Example: *bā, băt; sē, sĕt*, etc.

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V. Place after such syllables or words as were made in the last lesson the final *e*, and consider the effect upon the vowel.

Example: *tŭb, tūbe; căp, cāpe; rip, ripe; not, note; hat, hate.*

VI. Sound *ą*, and write some words using the letter as marked.

Example: *all, call, fall; aw-ful, paw; caught, taught.*

VII. Do the same with *ä*, *ȧ*, and *â*. Mark the vowels in *ah, fast, calf, care, dare, bear.*

Sound: *car, care; bar, bare; far, fare.*

VIII. Write *e* and *i* with the WAVE (~), and sound the letters. Make play-words, by choosing a consonant to precede. Give a list of real words ending in *r*. Use the vowel *u* with the CIRCUMFLEX (^).

IX. Mark the vowels in *come, do, full, put,* etc.

X. Use *th, sh, sc, st, bl, pr, qu, sm, dr, dw,* etc., in making words.

XI. Pronounce: *-est, -eth, -ard, -ant, -ent, -ble, -ing, -ful, -ness, -tion, -er.* Make words.

XII. Study: *y* (long and short); *g, s,* and *c* (hard and soft); *ng* and *nk.*

NOTE. — These lessons are not put into such *language* as children would require. They are intended for occasional use, one at a time, in Blackboard work, as a means of helping children in the ready acquisition of words, and so of promoting fluency in reading. It has seemed that this arrangement would serve the teacher better than the customary method of scattering lessons through the entire book.

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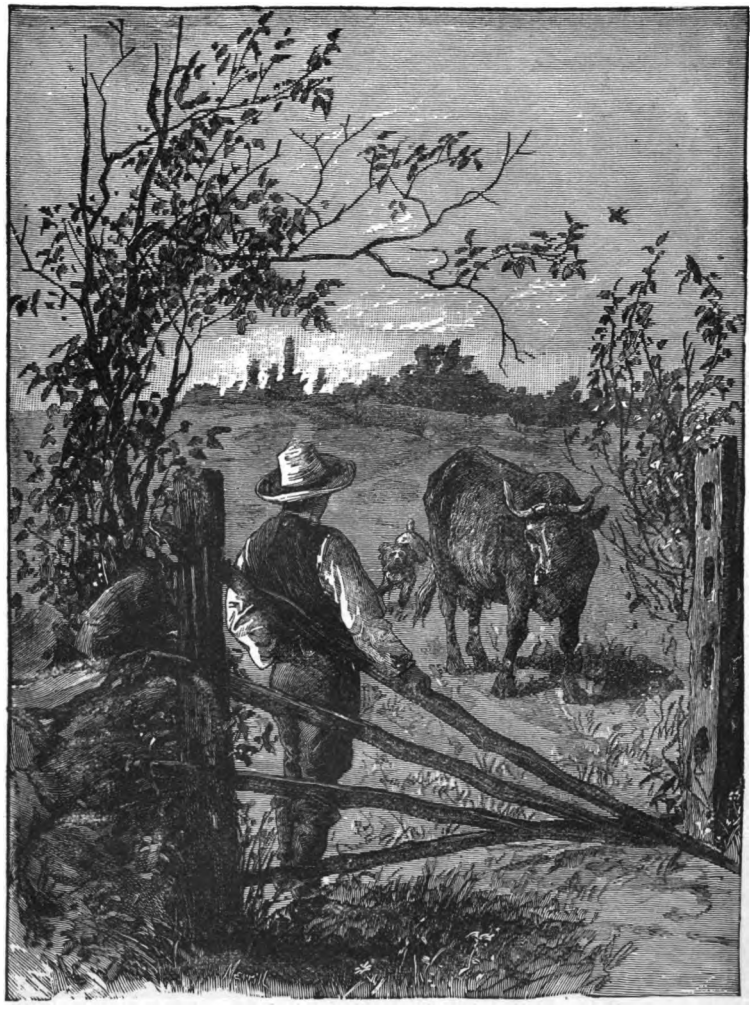

FRONTISPIECE.

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SECOND READER.

LESSON 1. — PREPARATORY WORD STUDY. (See Note A.)

shāke ā	wȯn′dĕr ȯ ĕ	pȧs′tūre ȧ′ ū
crŏss ŏ	bā′kĕr's ā ĕ	rā′çĕs ā′ ĕ

DIME AND BETTY.

(Picture opposite.)

Bow wow! Do you see me? I am the little dog, Dime. Betty is the cow, and the man is John. John and I came after Betty.

I am not a cross dog. All my life I have been a pet. Shall I tell you what I can do?

I can sit up and beg. I can shake hands. I can run, O so fast; and I can jump over a stick.

Pomp and I run races. Pomp is the baker's big dog. I can run as fast as Pomp.

And I like to run races with Pomp. He never bites a little dog. We run after the birds, but we never catch any. When we get near them they fly. I wonder how they do it? I can't, and Pomp can't.

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But I must tell you about Betty. She is a good cow. She gives nice, white milk. I don't care much for it, but Tab, the cat, laps it up very fast. I like a bone better.

I drive Betty to pasture in the morning, and go after her at night. I could go alone if it were not for the bars. John has to go with me to take down the bars and put them up again. I do not see why Betty cannot take the bars down. I could, if I were as tall as she, and had horns.

I take good care of Betty. If any one comes near, I call, "Bow wow," and they go away.

LESSON 2. — Find out the missing words.

I drive ..... to .... morning.
The man in the ..... is .....
I ..... how the .... fly.
I like to run ..... with .....

LESSON 3. — SPELL.

shake	laps	near	call	care
bake	caps	hear	fall	dare
cake	taps	fear	tall	pare

SLATE WORK. (See Method in Learning to Write.)

I am the little dog.

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LESSON 1. — Preparatory.

sēēms ē	hûrts û	bē gĭns′ ē Y′
wa̤nts a̤	fĭrst ĭ	mēan ē

BABY AND KITTY.

See me, little baby! See me! This is what kitty seems to say.

Baby is on the floor with his ball. Kitty is in the chair.

Baby wants kitty to come down to him. Kitty thinks she will stay in the chair.

Baby has soft, fat little hands, but they pull kitty's fur. He does not mean to hurt kitty. He loves her very much. He does not know that it hurts when he pulls her fur.

By and by baby begins to roll the ball. Kitty sees it from her chair. She likes to play with the ball, too. She can roll it with her paw.

Kitty can play ball better than baby, for kitty

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can run very fast. Baby can sit on the floor, and he can creep; but he cannot run at all.

At last, kitty jumps down. She hits the ball with her paw. How fast it rolls!

Baby does not like that. He wants the ball himself, so he creeps after it as fast as he can.

And that is what kitty likes. She is full of fun to-day. See how she looks at baby!

Creep fast, baby! Creep fast! Run, kitty, run! Who will get the ball?

LESSON 2.—READ:

Baby can ..... He ..... run.
Kitty ..... she will .... in the .....

LESSON 3.—SPELL:

floor	pull	much	fast
door	full	such	last

SLATE WORK.

Creep fast, baby! Run kitty!

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LESSON 1.—PREPARATORY.

ạ bout′	ạ	ou′	cûr′lȳ	û′	ȳ	ĕv′ẽr ȳ	ĕ′	ẽ	ȳ
dēar′lȳ	ē′	ȳ	mȧs′tẽr	ȧ′	ĕ	bē fōre′	ē	ō′	
ȧf′tẽr	ȧ′	ẽ	a way′	a	ā′	a lōne′	a	ō′	

DIME AND BABY.

Bow-wow! here I am again! Shall I tell you about our baby?

She is a sweet little girl. Her eyes are blue and her mouth is like a rose-bud. She has light curly hair, just like mine. I love her dearly, and she loves me as much as I love her.

When she first came I did not like her. That was a long time ago. It made me feel cross to have every one so fond of her. I used to bark at her and show all my teeth.

After that they did not let me come near her. I did not care for that; but they did not seem so fond of me as they used. Even my master did not seem to like me. So I was not happy.

When he saw me, he said, "Go away, Dime! you are a bad dog! you are cross to the baby."

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That made me feel more cross. "I'll bite that baby," said I to myself.

It was a long time before I got a chance. But one day I found her alone. She lay in her crib and I jumped in. But I did not bite her. Shall I tell you why?

She was too pretty to bite; so I gave her a kiss and lay down by her side. When my master came in, he said, "Good dog, Dime! Dime loves Baby! good Dime! Since then I have been a happy dog.

I love Baby better every day, and they all love me.

LESSON 1.—Preparatory.

fĭrst	dĭrt	ĭ	spŏt′tĕd	ŏ′	ĕ	nō′sĕs	ō′	ĕ
tûrn	world	û	ȯth′ẽrs	ȯ′	ẽ	a bout′	a	ou′

NINE LITTLE PIGS.

Here are nine little pigs. See if you can find them all, and count them.

One is all white. One is light brown. The rest are spotted, brown and white.

These pigs live in a pen. It is in a yard, near the barn. The pigs run about in the yard all

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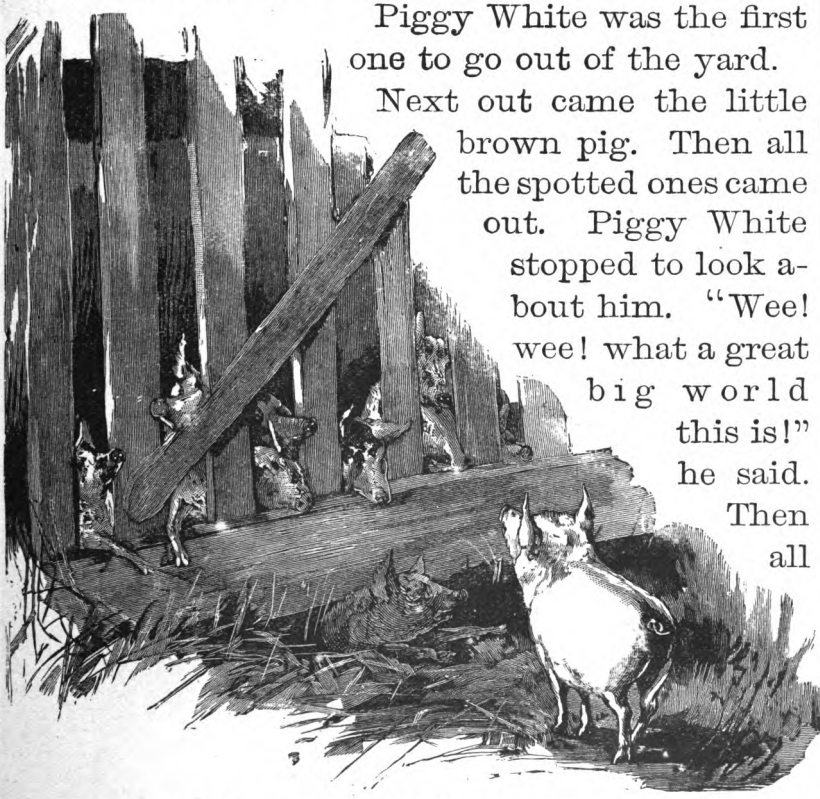
day long. They like to turn up the soft dirt. They do it with their noses.

One day they made a great hole under the fence. Piggy White was the first one to go out of the yard. Next out came the little brown pig. Then all the spotted ones came out. Piggy White stopped to look about him. "Wee! wee! what a great big world this is!" he said. Then all



the other little pigs said, "Wee! wee! it is a big world," just as Piggy White did.

Piggy White was larger than any of the others, so, of course, he knew all about it.

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"Where shall we go?" asked the little brown pig.

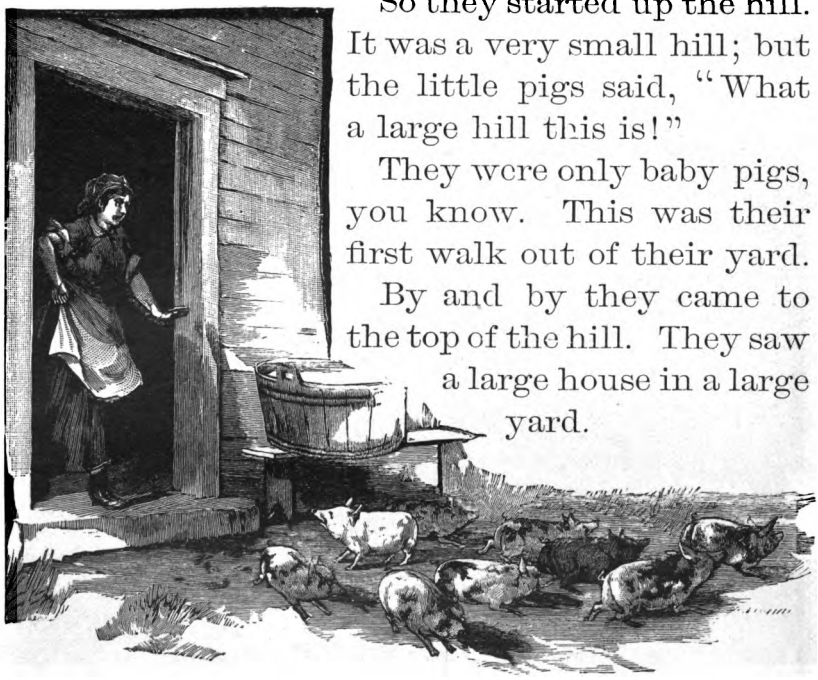
"Let us go up the hill," said a spotted one.

"Wee! wee!" said all the other pigs. This was the way they said yes.

So they started up the hill. It was a very small hill; but the little pigs said, "What a large hill this is!"

They were only baby pigs, you know. This was their first walk out of their yard.

By and by they came to the top of the hill. They saw a large house in a large yard.



"What a big pen," said all the little pigs.

"Do you think we shall find more pigs there?" asked the little brown pig.

"Wee! wee!" said the others. You see a pig thinks that all the world was made for pigs.

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Some one had left the gate open. The nine pigs, one after another, went into the yard. No one was in sight, so on they went. They were still looking for pigs.

The door of the great house was open. Before they got to it, the cook came out. The pigs gave her one look. "That is no pig," said Piggy White. "What is it?"

Then they all ran back to their pen. But they knew more than when they left it. They had seen the world.

They had found that there are more things in it than pigs.

LESSON 2.

Think of words that sound like *cook, brown, turn.*

THE LONG AND SHORT VOWEL SCALES. (See Vocal Training.)

(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	(7)	(8)
wee	gate	their	yard	turn	all	hole	do
pigs	left	back	asked	just	long	—	cook
ē ĭ	ā ĕ	â ă	ä ȧ	ū ŭ	ạ ŏ	ō	ọ ŏŏ

LESSON 3. — SPELL:

yard	live	gate	pigs	more
hard	give	mate	figs	tore

SLATE WORK.

Nine pigs. Count them.

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HOW VIO LEARNED TO WRITE.[1]

"I want to send a letter to Auntie Lu," said Vio. "Will you write it for me, mamma?"

"I think it would please Auntie Lu to have a letter that Vio wrote herself," said mamma.

"Could I write one? May I do it to-day?" asked Vio.

"You can begin to-day to learn. It will take more than a day to learn to write a letter."

Vio's mamma went on with her sewing.

"Here is the alphabet card," said Vio. "But I don't think I can learn so many letters; I'm too small. Don't you think so?"

"No. It is not very hard. You learn to make parts of letters first. There are only a few of those. Here is one: you can learn to make that, can you not? See how I make it."

"Oh, yes. Let me see you make it again."

"Up, down, round, up," said mamma, as she made the marks very slowly.

Vio did the same. "Is that right?" she asked.

"It will do for a first one," said mamma; "and this is a part of ever so many letters.

[1] This Lesson is to be used in connection with the writing. The teacher reads it with the class. It is continued on several pages, which may be taken out of course as pupils are ready for them.

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BUBBLES.

I.

bûrst

swĭng

bŭbbles

flōat

floating

ănȯther

II.

sŭnlight

cȯlors

ŏrănge

pûrple

fīght

rāinbōws

1.

"Look at this one, mamma! Quick, or it will burst!

"There! it has gone. Did you see how large it was, and what pretty colors it had?"

"Yes, I saw it. It was the best one you have made to-day.

"See if you can swing the next one off from your pipe. I like to see the bubbles float in the air.

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"That is right. Now make another quickly.

"We will put some gum into the water. That will make the bubbles strong. You can have three or four floating about at the same time."

II.

"Oh, mamma, see them float! How pretty they are!"

"Sit here in the sun, Harry. It is the sunlight that makes the colors. The bubbles are as bright as rainbows now.

"Do you see the rainbow colors,—red, blue, yellow, orange, green, and purple?"

"Oh, yes; and you and I are in the bubbles, too. How funny we look!

"This is the best time I ever had with my pipe."

"It is a pretty play. I like it as much as you do."

"Will you play with me, mamma?"

"Yes. I will get a pipe. Then I will see if

Harry blowing bubbles.

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I can make my bubbles hit yours and make them burst."

"Do! do! mamma. It will be such fun. You and I will have a fight."

"I like better to call it a game."

"O, yes; and then one of us will beat, shall we not?"

"No. I do not think so. Both the bubbles will burst when they hit each other."

"Then I should not call it a game. I'd like to call it a fight, mamma, if you will let me. And we will play that both our bubbles got killed. I shall tell papa about it when he comes home."

So Harry and his mamma had a bubble fight. And when it was over, they held their pipes in the bowl and blew. That filled the bowl full of bright bubbles. It made a pretty dish.

LESSON 2.

(1) Find the syllables in the words at the head of the lesson.

(2) Learn to name and match the six colors.

(3) Make some bubbles.

LESSON 3. — SPELL:

like	pipe	time	sit	will
strike	ripe	dime	hit	kill

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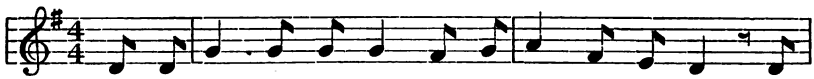
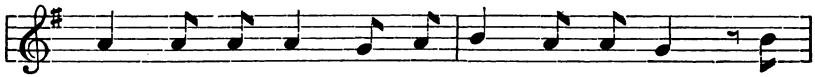
LESSON 1. — Word Study.

e nough′ (e nuff)	hunt′ing	roost	work	nīght
	rēa′son	beâr	wēak	līght

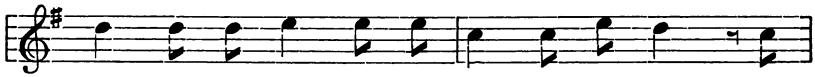
THE OWL.



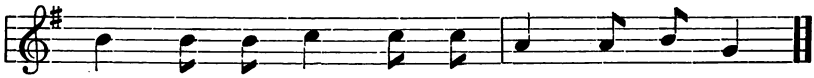
Tell me why does the owl only fly in the night? I'd



like to know how he can work without light! Why



can't he to roost with the other birds go? The



day's long enough for all he has to do.

I can do my work best
  In the night dark and wild;
For hunting I go,
  With my wife and my child.
My eyes are so weak,
  That I can't bear the light,
And that is the reason
  I work in the night.

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peers ēe	safe ā	help ĕ	folds ō
wise ī	home ō	flock ŏ	wings ĭ

shouts round about again something great

THE OWL.

"Which? who?" That is what he says.

Then how the rats and mice run.

"Who? who?" shouts the owl again, as he peers about with his great round eyes.

"It is not I," says the brown bunny in her safe home in the tree.

"It is not my little chickens," says the wise mother hen, as she folds her wings over her flock.

Who will it be? Mr. Owl must have something nice for his late dinner.

O silly mouse, why did he not stay in? He knew the old owl came out at night.

Poor little mouse. No one can help him now.

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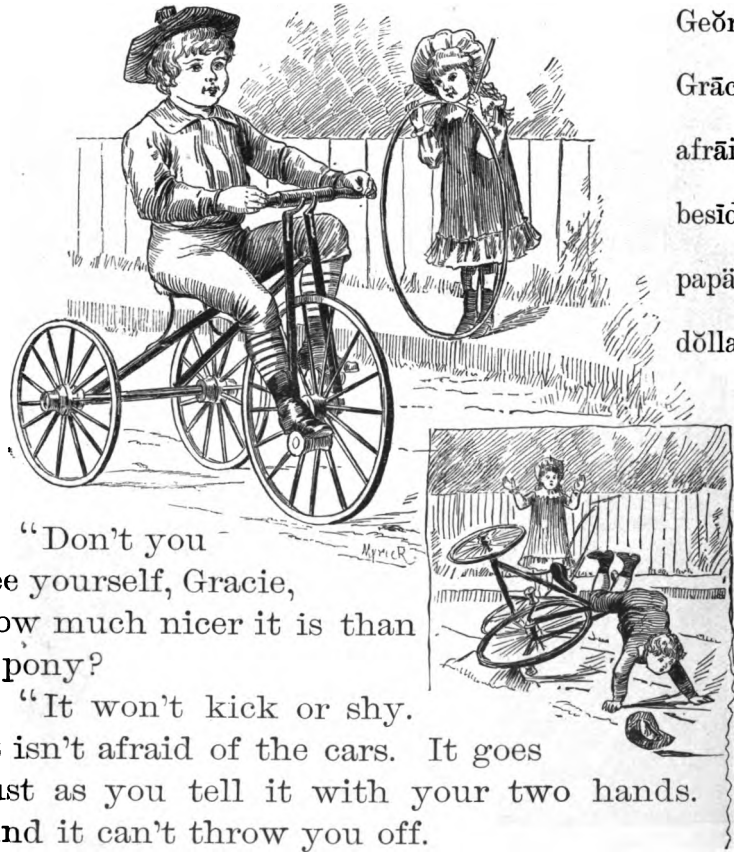
THE NEW VELOCIPEDE.



Geŏrgie
Grācie
afrāid
besīdes
papä
dŏllars

"Don't you see yourself, Gracie, how much nicer it is than a pony?

"It won't kick or shy. It isn't afraid of the cars. It goes just as you tell it with your two hands. And it can't throw you off.

"And besides, as papa says, it costs nothing to keep it, for it doesn't need oats or hay.

"It is worth the five dollars, and I'm glad I have it."

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"If it were not for your dress, Gracie, you could ride on it. Then you could have one of your own, and we would run races.

"Don't you think you could stand on the bar behind and ride with me? I saw Fred May take his sister so. She put her arms right round his neck."

"I don't think I should like to ride that way; but I could tuck my dress in and ride on the seat, I am sure."

II

"Look, now, and see how fast I can go down this hill. I shall take off my feet and only steer with my hands."

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.	
stēēr	many
quīte	brȯth'ẽr
a frāid'	lẽarned

George went like the wind. Gracie had to run to keep him in sight.

Then what! Did it shy? Was it afraid of something? Gracie was quite sure it did not go as it was told. We see in the picture what came to pass.

"O, Georgie, are you hurt?" cried Gracie.

"No, not a bit," said George. "But it never did this way before. It must have hit a stone. —I'll sell you and buy a horse if you play me such a trick again."

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But it never did. George learned to make it go just as he wished; and many a ride had he, and Gracie, too; for she learned to ride on the seat, and to stand behind, with her arms about her brother. As George said, it was well worth five dollars to them.

VIO'S LESSONS (*continued from page 10*).

When you can make this well, I will give you a new lesson."

"Are these right?" asked Vio next day, as she showed her slate to her mamma.

"They stand straight, like printed letters," said mamma; "in writing, the letters slant. All the lines should lean to the right."

Vio tried again, and did much better.

"The lines that go up are right now; but the 'down lines' slant the *wrong way!* Try again."

"Well, mamma, look at these?" said Vio.

"The slant is right now; but you make too sharp a turn at the bottom. It is 'up, down, *round*,' is it not? Your turn is not round."

SLATE WORK. *The new velocipede.* V

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

stạlk	crīed	pŭp′pies	hour
wạlk	trīed	hăp′pen	jōke
tạlk	drīed	ŭg′ly	thôught
chạlk	frīed	whīne	lȯve′ly

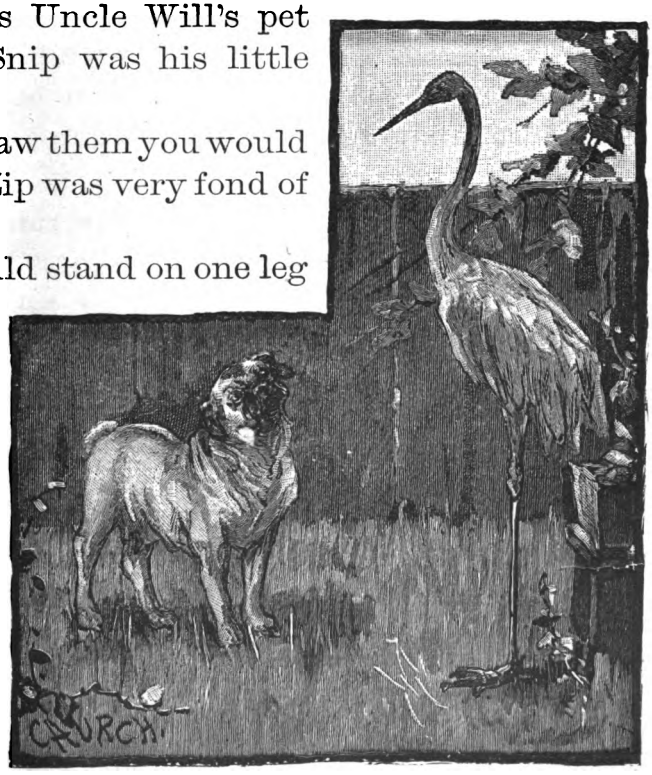
ZIP AND SNIP

Zip was Uncle Will's pet crane. Snip was his little pug dog.

If you saw them you would say that Zip was very fond of Snip.

He would stand on one leg by the half hour and gaze at her.

But if she came near him, he would give her an ugly tap with his sharp bill. Then Snip would whine, or run away and



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hide. Zip would stalk about as if he thought it was a good joke. The very next day the same thing would happen over again.

By and by Snip had two lovely puppies in the stable. Wee bits of things they were, black and soft. The little mother was very fond of them.

bā′bies
stā′ble
pōrch
cûrled
growled
ēat′en

One day, after her dinner, when she went to the stable, she could not find one of her puppies. The next day the other was gone.

Poor little Snip! She ran all around the place looking for her lost babies. She cried as if her heart would break.

The lost puppies could not be found. Uncle Will said the rats must have got them.

Snip thought it over, and made up her mind that Zip had eaten the puppies.

Every time he came near, she growled and showed her teeth. She was afraid to snap at him.

One day Snip lay on the porch curled up on a mat.

Zip stood on one leg, not far off, looking at her.

All at once she sprang up and rushed at him. She rolled over and over upon the ground.

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Before Zip had time to think what she was trying to do, Snip rolled against his leg. Over he went upon his back. How he did scream!

Then Snip sprang at him. If Uncle Will had not gone out, she would have killed poor Zip.

And now that Snip had found that she could master him, Zip was no longer safe. So poor little Snip had to be sent away to live on a farm.

It was not long before Zip had to go away, too. But that is another story.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

quēēr	fĕath′ers	a bout′	strĕtch	sēēmed
scrēam	blū′ish	roos′ters	dē līght′	cack′led

THE TAME CRANE.

Did you ever see any cranes?

They are queer looking birds. The most of them are wild. They fly from place to place.

This one was tame. He came from the South, and wore a coat of bluish-gray feathers.

Cranes are very tall birds, as you see, — taller than you are. Their legs look longer than yours.

Uncle Will's crane used to take walks in the garden with him.

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How he would stretch his long neck, and try to be as tall as Uncle Will! I have seen boys do the same when they took walks with their papas.

Sometimes Uncle Will and Zip would have a race. Zip would flap his wings, and scream with delight. It was very funny to see him, he took such long leaps. He could scream very loud.

The hens did not know what to make of Zip when he first came. They seemed to think he was a very big kind of hen or rooster.

They looked at him awhile. Then they all ran round him, and cackled as loud as they could.

One of the roosters tried to fight with him. Zip looked at the rooster to see how high he could hop. Then he gave him a tap with his long bill. The rooster soon found that Zip's legs were too long, and that his bill was too sharp.

The hens and roosters let Zip alone after that. And he let them alone, too.

mū'sĭc
pi ăn'o (pē-)
fĭn'gers
voice
pēo'ple

Zip was not fond of boys.

If a boy came into the yard, Zip ran at him. The boy ran out of the yard as fast as he could.

If Zip gave a peck with his sharp bill, the boy was sure to scream. That was great fun for Zip.

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When Uncle Will was at home, the boys liked to come and see his pet. They did not go very near him till Uncle Will took him in his arms.

He had a cute little way of tucking his head under Uncle Will's arm and looking out at the boys.

But why was it that Zip had to be sent away, do you think? I will tell you.

Zip was very fond of music. When Miss Nellie played the piano, he would stalk into the house. If the door was not open, he would tap on the window till he was let in.

By and by he found out that *he* could make music on the piano. He used to tap the keys with his bill.

It was fun to see him. He never hit Miss Nellie's fingers, but he came very close to them.

And Zip liked to sing as well as he did to play. He got up at daylight to sing in the garden.

Sometimes he sang in the night. His voice was loud, and it was not sweet.

The people who lived near did not like his songs. They said he waked their babies.

And that was why, at last, he had to be sent away. I do not think he went where poor little Snip did.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

hāste	bē hind′	hŭn′grў	hẽard
căb′bāge	un′der	tŭr′keў	whọm

-ight: might, night, fright, sight, light, right.

THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LITTLE.

Chicken-Little went into the garden one day, —where she had no right to be,—and a cabbage leaf fell upon her tail.

With all her might she ran, not once stopping to look behind, and soon she met Hen-Pen.

"Hen-Pen, Hen-Pen!" she cried, "the sky is falling! I saw it; I heard it; and part of it fell upon my tail."

Then they both ran till they met Cock-Lock.

"O, Cock-Lock," said Hen-Pen, "we must run, for the sky is falling!"

"Why, who told you so?" said Cock-Lock.

"Chicken-Little told me," said Hen-Pen.

"And how did Chicken-Little know?"

"She saw it, and she heard it, and part of it fell upon her poor tail."

And now all three ran as if for their lives.

"Where are you going in such haste?" asked Duck-Luck, whom they met in the way.

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"Run with us, Duck-Luck, for the sky is falling!" said Cock-Lock.

"How do you know?" asked Duck-Luck, in fright.

"Why, Hen-Pen told me."

"But how did Hen-Pen know?"

She had it from Chicken-Little, who saw it, and heard it, and part of it fell upon her tail."

And now they all ran,—you never saw such a sight,—and by chance they met Goose-Loose.

"Goose-Loose," said Duck-Luck, "have you heard that the sky is falling?"

"No, no," said Goose-Loose. "How did you know?"

"Cock-Lock told me; he had it from Hen-Pen; Chicken-Little told her; she saw it, and heard it, and part of it fell upon her poor tail."

And so there were five to run,—Goose-Loose, Duck-Luck, Cock-Lock, Hen-Pen, and poor Chicken-Little. They ran and ran till they met Turkey-Lurkey, to whom they told the same tale, and he ran with them to get away from the falling sky.

Next whom should they meet but the Fox, who was on his way to the wood. "Good day

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to you," said he; "where may you all be going in such haste this fine morning?"

"Fox-Lox," said all of them at once, "tell us what to do, for the sky is falling!"

"Ah!" said the fox, "is that so? Then I must see what I can do for you. I have a snug, safe little place under the ground. You shall all come in and stay till the sky has fallen, and it won't hurt you at all."

So they all went in,—Turkey-Lurkey, Goose-Loose, Duck-Luck, Cock-Lock, Hen-Pen, and Chicken-Little,—into the hole where lived the cunning Fox-Lox with her hungry little cubs. And Fox-Lox went in too, but they never came out to see if the sky had fallen.

SPELL:

snug	snow	sneeze	snarl	snake
snap	snip	snore	snail	snout

VIO'S LESSONS (*continued from page 18*).

The next time Vio wrote, her mamma said, "And now the turn is *too* round, but you will soon have it right."

Vio showed the slate to her papa when he came

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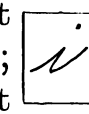
home. "Mamma said I mustn't make little corners like those, so I made these," she said, "and they are too round."

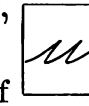
"They look like the tracks old Roby makes on the driveway when he turns round with the big carryall," said papa.

Vio thought that was very funny.

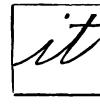
"The carryall is Roby's pencil," said she. "But, papa," she added, "I haven't made a letter yet. It is only a part of one."

"I'll put a dot over it, and make it one," said he. "There, now it is *i*, see; and, if I carry it twice as high, so, it will be *t*, that is, when I cross it; or, you can make *u* with two of them."



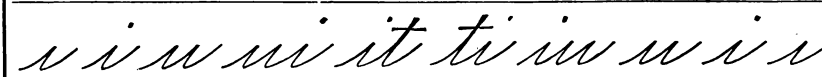


"And that," said mamma, "is half of Auntie Lu's name."

"You can write  , and that is a whole word," said papa.

"Oh, what fun it is!" said Vio.

This is what Vio had learned to write.



Note. — The teacher will do well to illustrate the faults upon the board. Short lessons on principles should be taken daily during the entire year, the teacher giving her time to the work. The points are: the height of letters, the slant of lines, and the turns.

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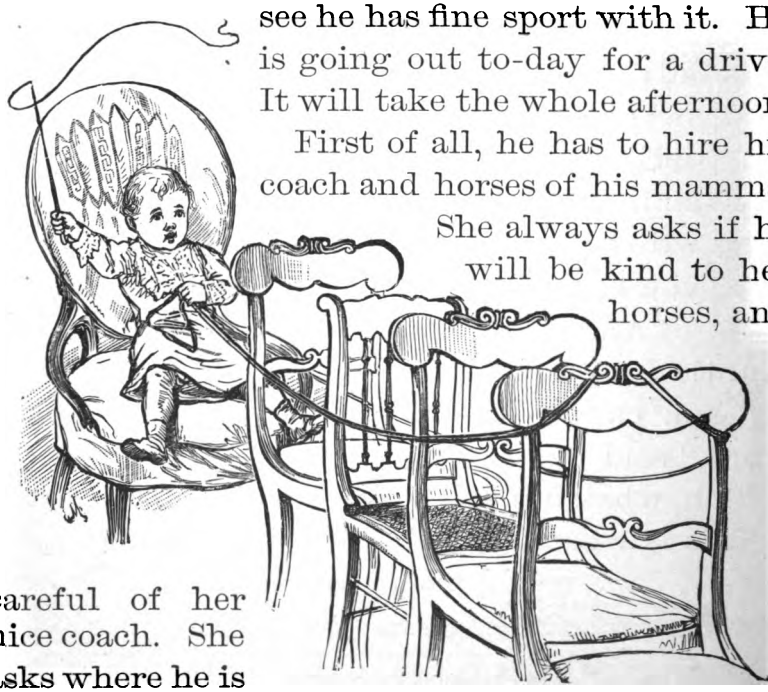
LESSON 1.—Preparatory.

spōrt	whōa	By Sight.	care′ful
cōach	thrōws	reins	go′ing
whōle	fōrth	al′ways	any′thing
each	hear	team	seats

JAMIE'S FOUR-HORSE TEAM.

This is Jamie with his four-horse team. You see he has fine sport with it. He is going out to-day for a drive. It will take the whole afternoon.

First of all, he has to hire his coach and horses of his mamma. She always asks if he will be kind to her horses, and careful of her nice coach. She asks where he is going, and then tells what he will have to pay.



The next thing is to get the four horses into

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their places. Each has a name, and if we listen we may hear Jamie calling out, "Come, Fan! come, I say! Whoa, Bess, whoa, there!"

Back and forth he runs, saying, "Back, Ned! There, stand still! Come, Tom!"

At last all the horses stand in their right places. Jamie gets his whip, takes the reins, and seats himself in the coach.

"Good by, mamma, we're off!" he calls. He waves his hand, and mamma throws a kiss.

Then Jamie cracks his whip, calls to his horses to get up, and mamma knows that he has gone. She must not say anything to him till he gets back.

Then she will ask him where he has been and what he has seen.

He will take the coach and horses to their right places, pay his mamma for them, and then put away the whip and reins.

LESSON 2.

There are four words that sound like *hire*. Their initials are f, t, m, w. *Use* each of the four words to say something. Learn to spell and write them.

SLATE WORK.

Jamie's four horse team.

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VIO'S LESSONS (*continued from page 27*).

"Is this my new copy?" asked Vio. "It is a very funny one. I find *i* and *t* in it that I have made before."

e e ei et el let le te ei e e

"Go and get me some twine, and I will show you how to make *e*," said her mamma.

They wrote the new letter on the floor with a piece of string. "See," said the mother, "I turn *back* the twine and cross it so as to make a closed loop. Now see me write it on your slate.

"The letter leans like the others, you see, and is of the same size as *i*."

Vio made *e* with the twine, and tried to make *i* and *t*; but that she could not do. Then she made the letter with her pencil on the slate, saying slowly, "Up, down, up," as she did so.

"Oh, mamma, look," she said after a while, "you made three letters wrong yourself! They are taller than *t*, and that is twice as tall as *e*."

"No; I did not make a mistake. The tall ones are not *e*'s, they are *l*'s. They are just three times as tall as *e*. You may make some of them now."

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When Vio could make the new letters well, her brother John wrote *tell, let, little, tilt,* and *ill,* and she read them. She wrote *little* so well that her mamma told her to keep it on her slate to show to her papa.

John wrote sentences, too, and she learned to copy them very well, though she did not know all the letters.

"You will be a good writer, Vio," he said, "you hold your hand so well."

LESSON 1.—Word Study.

brī′er	bŏn′nў	mous′ie	hŏp′ping
Yūle	wor′ried	hawk	sit′ting
grēē′dy	wor′ry	turf	fĕath′er

THE ROBIN'S YULE* SONG.

[An Old Story.]

There was once an old gray Pussy, and she went down by the water-side; and there she saw wee Robin Redbreast hopping on a brier.

And Pussy said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

* *Yuletide* is Christmas.

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And Pussy said, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny white ring round my neck."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, gray Pussy; no, no! You worried the wee Mousie; but you shall not worry me."

So wee Robin flew away and away till he came to a turf wall, and there he saw a gray, greedy Hawk sitting.

And the gray, greedy Hawk said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this fine Yule morning."

And the gray, greedy Hawk said, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, gray, greedy Hawk; no, no! You pecked at the wee Linnet; but you shan't peck me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to the side of a rock, and there he saw a sly Fox sitting.

And the sly Fox said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

pĕcked	mâr′rĭed
lĭn′nĕt	cōurt
quēēn	dȧnced

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And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this fine Yule morning."

And the sly Fox said, "Come, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny spot on the top of my tail."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, sly Fox; no, no! You worried the wee Lamb; but you shan't worry me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to the King; and there he sat on a window-sill, and sang to the King a bonny song.

And the King said to the Queen, "What shall we give to the wee Robin for singing us this bonny song?"

And the Queen said to the King, "I think we'll give him the wee Wren to be his wife."

So wee Robin and the wee Wren were married, and the King and Queen and all the court danced at the wedding: and afterward wee Robin flew away home to his own water-side, and hopped on a brier.

LESSON 2. — LANGUAGE.

Can any one repeat the story beginning —

"Once upon a time,
When Jenny Wren was young —"

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re mem′ber

San′ta Clạus

grănd′pạ

frŏcks

jăck′et

Chrĭst′mas

beaū′ty

săd′dle

brī′dle

friĕnd

be fōre′

clōse′ly

THE NEW ROCKING-HORSE.

Did you ever see this little boy before? Look closely, and see if you remember him.

He is two years older than when you saw him last.

Then he wore frocks; but now, you see, he has on pants and a jacket.

He used to be called Jamie. Since he was five years old his papa has called him James.

"That is what they will call you when you go to school," said papa. "You must get used to it."

James is a great boy for horses. When he was a baby-boy he began by calling a cane his horse.

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Then he had fine sport for a long time with his four-horse team. You know what that was.

But Santa Claus—or some other kind friend—set this great rocking-horse in the hall one night. Jamie found it there in the morning.

He had no use for his four horses after that.

"I have a horse now that can go," he said to his grandpa, when he went to wish him a "Merry Christmas."

Now grandpa was the real Santa Claus, but Jamie had not found it out yet.

"Tell me about this rocking-horse of yours," said grandpa.

"Oh, he's such a beauty! Papa says he's a bay. That tells his color. And he has a white mane and tail made of real hair. You must come over to-day and see him.

"And I can take off the saddle and bridle, if I like. The saddle is a beauty, and the reins are the same color.

"I never had anything so nice in all my life. Who do you think gave him to me, grandpa? I asked papa, and he said I must ask you if you knew."

And grandpa said, "It must have been some one who loved you dearly."

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LESSON 1.—SPELL:

bĕg′gar	wan′ders	fool′ish
naugh′ty	nak′ed	roost′ing

SLEEPY HARRY.

"I do not like
to go to bed,"
Sleepy little
Harry said.

"Go, naughty Betty,
go away;
I will not come
at all, I say."

"Ah, silly child,
what is he
saying?
As if he could
be always
playing;
Then, Betty, you must come and carry
This very foolish little Harry.

"The little birds are better taught;
They all go roosting when they ought.

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And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

"The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders forth with naked feet,
And has not where to lay his head,—
Oh, he'd be glad to go to bed."

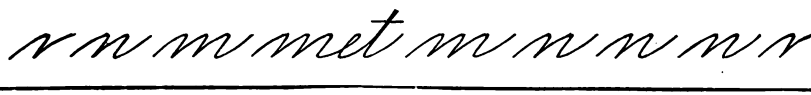
VIO'S LESSONS *(continued from page 30).*

The next lesson looked so easy that Vio wrote very fast; but when she showed her slate her mamma said, "Why, Vio, this will not do at all. Have you been trying to make scallops like those on your red sack?"

"They do look like scallops wrong side up, don't they, mamma?" said Vio with a laugh. "Let me try again and slant my lines."

"Slant your lines, and make graceful, pretty turns, all of the same size."

Vio did her best, and soon had a nice piece of work. This is the copy that she wrote:—



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LESSON 1.— WORD STUDY.

pēo′ple	rogue	clos′et	eat′en	clean
vel′vet	fel′low	shelf	al′ways	leave

A ROGUE.

He was small. But he had bright eyes and very sharp ears. People called him shy, but I think he was very bold.

He had a gray coat that was as soft as velvet. He wore it every day, yet he always kept it clean; and it did not seem to wear out.

He was a nice little fellow. He did not mean to do wrong. But then he did not know just what he might do; and he had no one to tell him.

So one day he took a piece of cake without leave.

The cake was for Elsie. It was sent to her by a lady.

Elsie was not well when the cake came, and it was set on a shelf. And this little rogue came when she was asleep, and ate all he wished of it.

Elsie put the rest into the closet. But there was a little crack under the door. Next day there was a round hole there, and some one had eaten more of the cake.

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"It is worse to eat the door than the cake," said Elsie. "We can have more cake, but we can't have a new door."

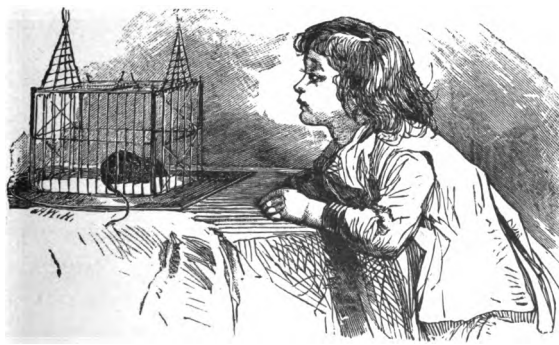
Next he bit a round hole in her mamma's best table cloth.

"This will never do," said mamma.

So a cage with a spring in it was set in the closet. The rest of Elsie's cake was put into the cage.

"I'm sure I don't want it now," said Elsie; yet the little fellow was as neat as herself.

"If you get in there you will get something good," said Elsie; "but you will lose something, too. If I were you I wouldn't go in."



But he didn't hear what Elsie said, or if he did, he thought he knew better.

That very night he went in.

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"Here he is! here he is!" said Elsie next day. And here is Elsie looking at him. She is trying to think what must be done with such a pretty little rogue.

"We won't kill him, any way, will we, mamma?" she said.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

quī′et	heärth	lights	with out′
slȳ′ly	bē side′	a bout′	dressed

"IF YOU PLEASE."

All dressed in gray, a little mouse
Has made his home within my house;
And every night and every morn
I say, "I wish that mouse were gone."

But why? A quiet soul is he
As any one need wish to see.
My house is large, my hearth is wide,
With room for him and me beside.

Ah, yes! But when the lights are out,
He likes to slyly peep about,
And help himself to what he sees,
Without once saying, "If you please."

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LESSON 1.— Word Study.

ĕl′ĕ phant	flăn′nel	fĕl′low	eat′en
cot′ton	blănk′et	a live′	pleased

CARL'S PET.

When Carl was two years old, his mamma gave him an elephant. It was made of gray cotton flannel, and had a nice blue blanket over its back.

Carl could not say elephant, so he called it Jim.

The little fellow loved Jim as well as if he had been alive.

He used to talk to him just as little boys talk to their dogs.

Every night Carl would get Jim out of his barn, and take him to papa. The barn was a box in the play-room.

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Then Jim would stand on his head, jump, and roll, and try to get into a basket that was too small for him.

It was great sport for Carl, and Jim did not seem to get tired.

But after a while Jim began to look old.

"Poor Jim!" said mamma.

Once he fell down the cellar stairs and lost one of his eyes. He jumped so hard that his legs broke, and the flannel got torn.

One day mamma made a new Jim, with strong legs, bright eyes, and a new red blanket.

Carl ran to show him to the old Jim, but he could not find him.

Mamma said the new Jim had eaten the old one up. This pleased Carl very much. When that one began to look worn, Carl asked if a new Jim would not come soon to eat him.

LESSON 2. — Count the syllables in:

cellar, asked, tired, eaten, began, jumped, eyes.

LESSON 3. — SPELL:

talk	jump	small	new	worn
walk	pump	stall	dew	torn

SLATE WORK.

Carl's gray elephant.

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VIO'S LESSONS (*continued from page 37*).

"Why do I not make *o*, mamma?" asked Vio one day. "Isn't it an easy letter? I made one and it looked very well to me. John says I write *Vio* as well as he, and that has an *o* in it."

"We will take *o* to-day. See; I begin as if I were writing *m* or *n*; then I come back on the line a little way and form the *o*; and when I have joined it at the top, I end with a little curve.

"There are three parts. I shall say one, two, three. The 'three' part I shall call a flag. See! It floats off in the air."

* * * * * * *

"The last part of *a* is an *i* all but the dot; but you must carry your first line over more, so as to give the *i* a good slant."

* * * * * *

"If you can make *a*," said John that night, "you can make *d*; you have only to carry the *i* part up as high as *t*."

"I know it," said Vio; "mamma showed me. And I can make *c*, too. I am going to do both to-morrow."

---

o a c d do did do d c a o

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PUSSY WHITEFOOT.

Pussy, Pussy Whitefoot,
In the morning came,
Wet and cold and draggled
With the sleet and rain.

Pussy, Pussy Whitefoot,
Hungry and alone,
In the children's play-room
Found a pleasant home.

drag'gled
pleas'ant
hun'gry

spot'ted
tum'ble
a lone'

Pussy, Pussy Whitefoot,
Spotted brown and black;
When she sees old Carlo
How she bends her back.

Pussy, Pussy Whitefoot,
Fur as soft as silk.
See her roll and tumble!
See her lap her milk!

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KITTY'S FRIENDS.

"She is our very own," the children say. "She came to us of her own accord." The children are Ellie, Will, and Baby.

sŏme′tĭmes
trĭcks
sĕv′en
cir′cus
ac cord′

Ellie is nine years old, Will is seven, and Baby will soon be three.

They play with Whitefoot all day long. Sometimes they take turns.

Will wants Whitefoot to play tricks. "You must be a circus cat," he says. "A cat that can't play tricks is not worth a cent."

So Whitefoot has to jump over a stick. And sometimes Will holds the stick very high.

Next she must chase a toy mouse tied to a long string. Whitefoot likes that.

"When she can do

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these well, I shall teach her ever so many more tricks," Will says.

Next it is Ellie's turn. She likes to play "little mother" to Whitefoot. "You are better than a doll," Ellie tells her.

Ellie holds her in her lap and rocks. She dresses her in her doll's dresses, and takes her to make calls. She puts Whitefoot to sleep in

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her doll's bed. "See how well she minds me when I tell her to go to sleep," says Ellie.

But before her nap is half out, Baby comes and asks, "Where's Whitefoot? I want to give her a ride in my cart."

Then bump, bump, bump, goes Whitefoot down the garden walk. The cart has no springs.

"Poor pussy," people say, "she has a hard time." But puss does not mind.

If the children are out of sight for a while, she will go all over the house to find them.

Kitty stays in the shed at night. She does not like that; but mamma says she must not stay in the house.

One night she got in. It was warm, and the window was open. Kitty ran up a tree. Then she could jump into the room where Ellie slept. She lay down beside her, and how she did purr!

Mamma heard her. "No, no, Whitefoot," she said, "you must not sleep here."

The next night the window was left open at the top.

Kitty could not jump so high as that. She came and sat outside the window. When Ellie woke she saw Whitefoot looking in at her.

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VIO'S LESSONS (*continued from page 43*).

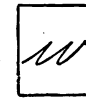
Vio had learned by this time to read writing as well as she did printing. John wrote a sentence every night. He left it on her desk for her to read when she came down stairs.

Her mamma was going to make a visit. She left five letters for Vio to write, — one for each day that she was to be gone.

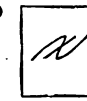
"I will look at them all, so as to see if I know where to begin them," said Vio.

"A part of *s* is like *c* turned wrong side up, and the rest is like *i*.

"The *v* is like the first part of *m* and the last part of *o*; and *w* is like *u* with a part of *o* after it.



"I shall have to take two lessons on *r*, I am sure. Isn't it a mistake to have it run up so high?



"It will be fun to make *x*, won't it?"

"You may think of words that have the letters you know in them," said her mamma; "and write them so as to learn how to *join* the letters nicely. You have the word *six* in the copy. You can write *vex, wax, rose, save, sweet, bow, rest, love, mixed.*"

s v w r x six x r w v s

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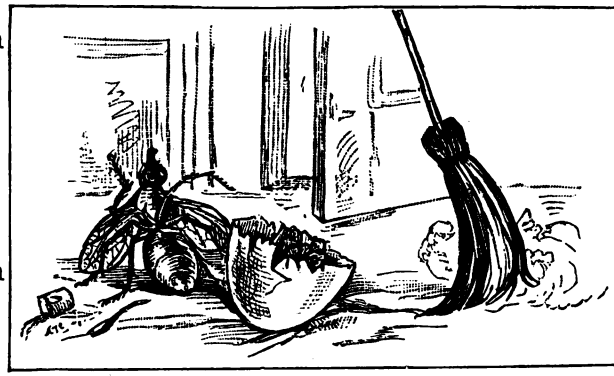
scream
creak
sweep
weep
stream
leaves



togĕther
pĭtcher
pȧssed
rŭstle
bûrned
drowned

THE LADY-BIRD AND THE FLY.

I.

A fly and a lady-bird once kept house together.

They made their tea in an egg-shell.

One day the lady-bird fell in and was burned.

The fly set up such a scream that the little door of the room asked, "Why do you scream so, fly?"

"Because lady-bird has burned herself," said the fly.

Then began the door to creak.

"Door, why do you creak?" asked the little broom in the corner.

"Shall I not creak?

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Lady-bird is burned,
And little fly weeps."

Then began the broom to sweep with all its might.

II.

By and by a stream passed the door, and it said, "Why do you sweep so, little broom?"

"Shall I not sweep?" said the broom.

"Lady-bird is burned,
Little fly weeps,
And little door creaks."

Then said the stream, "So will I run;" and it ran as fast as it could.

"Why are you running so?" asked a fire.

"Shall I not run," it asked,

"When lady-bird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
And little broom sweeps?"

Then said the fire, "So will I burn;" and it burned into a fearful flame.

III.

A tree grew near the fire, and it said, "Fire, why do you burn?"

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"Why should I not burn," it replied,
"When lady-bird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
The little door creaks,
The little broom sweeps,
And little stream runs?"

Then said the little tree, "So will I rustle." And it began to shake so hard that the leaves fell off.

A little maid came by with her water-pitcher, and she said, "Tree, why do you rustle so?"

"Shall I not rustle?" the tree replied;
"Lady-bird is burned,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
And little fire burns."

"Then I will break my little pitcher," said the maiden.

So she broke her pitcher.

Then said the well, as the water flowed out, "Maiden, why do you break your pitcher?"

"Shall I not break my pitcher," she said,
"When lady-bird is burned,
And little fly weeps,

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Little door creaks,
And little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
Little fire burns,
And little tree rustles?"

"Ah!" said the well, "then I will begin to flow."

And the water flowed so fast that the maiden, the tree, the stream, the broom, the door, the fly, and the lady-bird, were all drowned together.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

āche	worse	tears	bĭg′gest	nī′cest
ēase	or′ange	shelf	swĕĕt′est	spoil

AN ORANGE FOR A TOOTH.

Poor little Nell had a very bad tooth. How it did ache!

She was afraid to take a drink of cold water lest it should give her the toothache.

If she ate a bit of cake or candy, the tooth was sure to ache.

Nell was a brave girl. She did not often cry, but when the tooth ached hard, she could not help it. The tears would come.

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Her mamma did all she could to ease the pain, but the tooth grew worse and worse.

"It is of no use to try any longer," said papa; "the tooth must come out."

For two or three days Nell said no more about the tooth. Her mamma thought it was better.

It was not. Nell did not wish to have it out. So she did not tell when it ached.

One night her mamma heard her crying softly. Then she found out all about it.

The next day Nell's papa put an orange on the shelf. It was the biggest, sweetest, nicest one he could find in the town.

"Who is that big orange for?" asked Nell.

"I got it for you," said her papa.

"Oh, thank you. When may I have it?"

"When you bring me that bad tooth."

Nell looked at the orange again and again; but she could not make up her mind.

"That orange is going to spoil," said her papa the next day.

"No, it isn't," said Nell. "I won't let it."

She put on her hat, and ran to Dr. Gray's as fast as she could go. She was not gone long.

"There, papa, that's the tooth," she said.

"You are a brave girl," said papa.

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But she did not want the orange. She could not forget so soon what it had cost her.

She had it the next day, out in the garden, with her little playmate, Rose.

"That's what I got for my tooth," she said. "If you don't think it's a nice orange, just smell of it."

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VIO'S LESSONS (*continued from page 48*).

"There are ten more letters," said Vio. "If I write one each day, it will take ten days."

b f g h j k p q y z

"You may take the one that looks easiest first," said her mamma.

"I will begin with *h*; there is nothing new in that; it is a part of *l* and a part of *m*."

When she had written it, her mamma turned her slate around so that the letters were wrong side up. Vio found she had written the letter *y*.

"Why couldn't I always do it so?" she asked.

"I think you had better learn to make *y*," her mamma said.

* * * * * *

The next day she wrote *b* and *f*, and told the differences in them.

* * * * * * *

On the third day the letters were *g* and *q*, and Vio wrote *good, get, give, queen, quick, quilt.*

The fourth lesson was upon *j* and *p*, both of which Vio wrote very well.

The last two were the hardest for her. She spent a whole lesson upon *k*, and another upon *z*, but neither looked quite right.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

BY SIGHT.

al′ways	peo′ple	pĕd′lärs
pi az′za	mon′ey	Hugh (Hu)

PLAYING PEDLARS.

"Mamma, Hugh has come. Will you tell us what to play? Hugh says the things you think of are always nice."

"Hugh is very kind. I must try to think. Good-morning, Hugh! I am glad to see you. How is your mamma to-day?"

"Mamma is well, thank you, Aunt Mary. How do you do? Mamma sent her love. I can stay till one o'clock, if you would like to have me."

"We are always glad to have you here, are we not, John? And you want me to think of something for you to play?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Would you like to be pedlars? Rosa is here, and she and Lizzie are out on the piazza with Sue and baby. You might go and try to sell them something."

"I should like it. Should you, John?"

"Yes, indeed! But what can we have to sell, mamma?"

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"Get some bags or baskets, and I will set you up with goods. Do you know the pedlars' song?—

"'O! we are little pedlars;
And we're going up and down
Just as they do, to sell their goods
To people in the town.
Each of us has a basket
To carry on our backs.
We've filled them full of everything;
We play they are our packs.'"

"Yes; it is in 'Our Little Ones.'"

Hugh and John soon came back. John had a basket and a bag, and Hugh a large basket.

"You may go and ask Kate to give you some buns and tarts, John. The girls will be glad to buy them. And Hugh, I shall set you up from my work-table."

"What will the girls do for money, mamma?" asked John.

"I sent them some play-money while you were getting the baskets. They know that there are pedlars about this morning.

"I wish you good luck. If you do not sell all your goods, I will buy something when you come back."

"Thank you," said both at once.

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LESSON 2. — WORD STUDY.

pär'don | pẽr'son | mă"am | nine'teen

ea like *ē*: each, teach, reach, peach, beach.

THE FIRST PEDLAR.

"Cakes! Tarts! Buns! Apples!

"Good morning, ma'am; would you like to buy anything to-day?

"Look; these cakes are very nice."

"How much do you ask for a tart?"

"Five cents, ma'am. They are full of jam. You will be sure to like them."

"I will take two, if you please."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I can't sell but one to each person. Won't you take a bun for your little dog? Here is a small one for a cent."

"Did you say you had some apples?"

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"The apples are in the pack on my back. I will show them to you."

"What kind are they?"

"The green ones are sweet. I sell them for a cent. The red ones are two for a cent."

"I will take one of each."

"You can have one green one and two red ones for three cents, if you like."

"Thank you; I would like a cake, too."

"Yes, ma'am. The cakes cost ten cents."

"Now I will pay you. How much will it be for all these?"

"Let me see; ten, and five, and three, and one—nineteen cents, ma'am."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, thank you. Good morning."

John hung his pack upon his back, and took up his basket. Lizzie and the little ones had gone to walk, so he went to find Hugh.

Rosa wanted to eat her tart, but she said, "I must wait till we all have lunch." So she ate an apple, and put the rest away.

SLATE WORK.

Hugh and John as pedlars.

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LESSON 3.—Word Study.

bŭt′tŏns | rĭb′bons | twĕn′ty | bôught

THE SECOND PEDLAR.

"Good morning, madam. Are these your two little children? I have some toys I think they would like.

"This is a pretty one. I have a dog, too, and a pig."

"I see you have buttons and ribbons, sir."

"Yes; won't you look into my basket? I have tape, and pins, and other things for a lady to use."

"How do you sell your pins? I need one now."

"They are ten for a cent, ma'am."

"Oh, that is too high; I can buy a whole paper of pins for six cents."

"These of mine are very nice. If you like to

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take them, you may have a row for one cent. A row has twenty-four pins in it. Is that high?"

"No; I think they are worth that."

"Won't you buy some toys? This little pig is four cents, and the dog is only eight."

"I will take the dog for baby. Now I must buy something for Sue. How much is that blue ribbon?"

"Seven cents, ma'am. It would be pretty for her doll, wouldn't it?"

"Let me pay you for what I have bought. Here is a cent for the pins; this is for the dog; this for the ribbon. Is that right, sir?"

"Yes, madam, thank you. Is there anything else you would like?"

"No; but I should like to have you call again. Good morning."

"Good day, ma'am. Here, little boy, I will give you this pig. Good by, little girl."

The pedlars called on each lady two or three times. Then they all had lunch, and Hugh and Rosa went home.

"We have had a nice time," they said.

LESSON 4. — SPELL:

need	tape	mine	cent	blue
feed	cape	fine	lent	true

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VIO'S LESSONS (*continued from page 58*).

When a girl or boy can write the *small letters* well, the CAPITALS do not seem very hard.

Vio wrote neatly and well. She never tried to write fast. It was her mamma's rule that she should always write as well as she could, even when she wrote in play.

She could write on the ruled side of her slate, or on the other, which was not ruled. And she could do very well with a lead pencil and paper.

So now she was to begin to write capitals.

Her mamma showed her those which were most alike. She put all the letters into four classes, and Vio spent a week on each class.

The first class had in it the five letters you see on this page. You may look for the others as you go on with your reading.

When Vio could make a letter, her mamma let her write sentences that began with it. Here is one of them: "A little girl named Ada came to see me." You may write it, too.

CAPITALS. — CLASS I.

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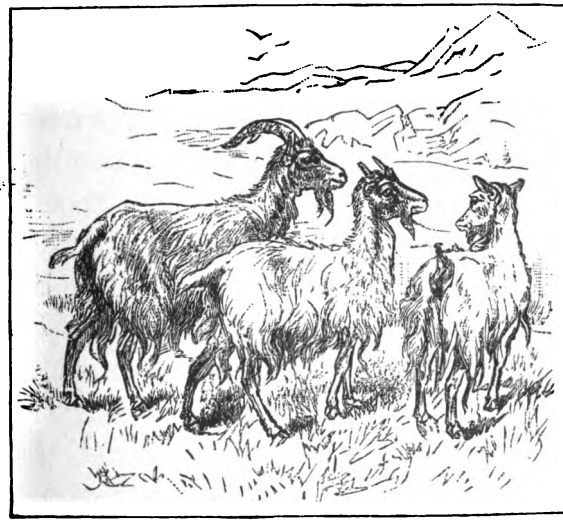
LESSON 1.—Word Study.

trōll*	rōared	sec′ond	voice
sạu′cers	hōarse	crēaked	Norse

big, big′ger, big′gest, tīny, tī′nĭ ĕst

THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF.

Once upon a time there were three billy-goats, who went up the hillside to make themselves fat, and the name of all the three was "Gruff."



On the way up was a bridge over a brook; and under the bridge lived a great, ugly troll, with

* *Troll* is the name of a kind of fairy.

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eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as your arm.

And first of all came the youngest billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

Trip trap! trip trap! went the bridge. "*Who's that,* tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest billy-goat Gruff; and I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, with such a small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no; pray don't take me. I'm too little—that I am," said the billy-goat; "wait a bit till the next billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Well! be off with you," said the troll.

A little while after came the second billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"Oh, its the second billy-goat Gruff; and I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, who hadn't such a small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

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"Oh, no; don't take me; wait a little till the big billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Very well! be off with you," said the troll.

But just then came the big billy-goat Gruff.

TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! went the bridge, for the billy-goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked under him.

"WHO'S THAT tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"IT'S I, THE BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF," said the billy-goat, who had an ugly, hoarse voice of his own.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," roared the troll.

"Well, come along," said the big billy-goat; and so he ran at the troll, and poked him with his horns, and tossed him over into the brook, and after that he went up the hill-side where the two other billy-goats had gone.

The billy-goats got so fat they were hardly able to walk home again; and if the fat hasn't fallen off them, why, they are fat still; and so, as the Norse boys used to say—

"Snip, snap, snout,
This tale's told out."

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LESSON 1.—Word Study.

frȯnt	Cŏn′cȯrd	stā′tion	shoes
ȧ bōard′	Pōrt′lănd	fôr′gŏt	tied

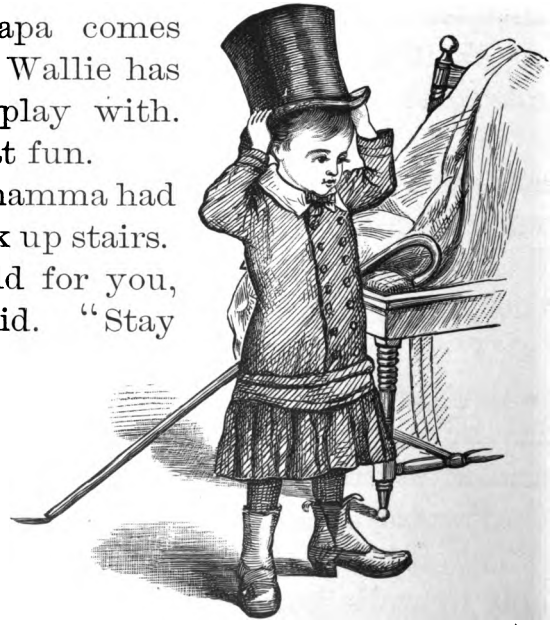
TRYING TO BE A MAN.

Wallie is his mamma's only child, so sometimes he has to play all by himself. But he is a happy boy, and does not mind.

When his papa comes home at night, Wallie has a big boy to play with. They have great fun.

One day his mamma had to do some work up stairs.

"It is too cold for you, Wallie," she said. "Stay here and play until I come back."



Wallie was in the front hall at the foot of the stairs.

First he played the stairs were a train of cars, and called out, "All aboard! Change cars for Concord. Next station is Portland."

Then he saw his papa's shoes. "I won't play

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train any more. I'll put on papa's shoes. Then I shall be a man." He put them on, and had fine sport trying to walk about.

"I am not quite a man till I have a hat and a cane," he said. So he stood up in a chair and got his papa's hat. It was so large it came down over his eyes. He could not see to move about.

Puss lay on the floor curled up like a ball. Wallie put the hat over her as she lay asleep.

"You may have the hat, and I will keep the cane and boots," he said.

Puss woke, and did not like her dark house. She began to move about. That made the hat walk. What a funny sight it was! You could not see kitty at all.

Wallie had never seen a walking hat. He laughed so that he woke old Bruno, his dog.

He and Bruno had been playing horse that morning. They had a chair for a carriage. Bruno was tied to the chair.

When Bruno woke he forgot he was tied. He saw the hat move, and ran at it, chair and all.

Puss flew out and ran at Bruno with her back up as high as it could be. The chair fell, the hat rolled, Bruno barked. To crown all, Wallie fell over the cane and cried as loud as he could.

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His mamma heard the noise, and came down stairs to see what was the matter.

It was such a funny picture that she saw. She had to stop on the stairs and laugh.

Then she picked up her little man, and set Bruno free from the chair.

"I was playing be a man," said Wallie.

"Hat and cane and boots do not make a man," she said.

"The best way to be a man is to be brave. Papa never cries like that at anything."

LESSON 2. — LANGUAGE.

Think of stations you could call out if you played train, and tell ways of being manly.

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LESSON 1.— Word Study.

drōōp'ing	hōld'ĕth	veins	thanks
drōōp'ĕth	thīrs'ty	crowned	wait'ing

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

1.

Little White Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little White Lily
Is lifting her head.

2.

Little White Lily
Said, "It is good;
Little White Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little White Lily,
Dressed like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crownèd beside!

3.

Little White Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little White Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

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4.

Little White Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have the nice
rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

5.

Little White Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sun-
shine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little White Lily
Is happy again.

THE SWEET RED ROSE.

Good morrow, little rose-bush;
I pray thee, tell me true:
To be as sweet as a sweet red rose,
What must a body do?

To be as sweet as a sweet red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows, and grows, and grows, and
grows,—
And that's what she must do.

CAPITALS.—Class II.

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LESSON 1.—Word Study.

high′er	hŏn′ey	school	no′body
flow′er	ī′dle	plĕas′ant	tā′ble
gath′er	ēi′ther	plow	hay′-rick

All but one of the letters of the alphabet are in use in this Lesson. See how many of them you can find, beginning with a, b, c, d.

THE IDLE BOY.

There was a little boy, who was not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma sent him to school.

It was a very pleasant morning; the sun shone, and the birds sung in the trees.

Now this little boy did not love his book. As I have just said, he was a very little boy. And he had a great mind not to go to school, but to play.

He saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower and then upon another; so he said, "Pretty bee, will you come and play with me?"

But the bee said: "No. I must not be idle. I must go and gather honey."

Then he met a dog; and he said, "Dog, will you play with me?"

But the dog said: "No. I must not be idle. I am going to watch my master's house. I must make haste, for fear bad men may get in."

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Then the little boy went to a hay-rick; and he saw a bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said, "Bird, will you come and play with me?"

But the bird said: "No. I must not be idle. I must get some hay to build my nest with, and some moss and some wool." So the bird flew away.

Next the idle boy saw a horse; and he said, "Horse, will you play with me?"

But the horse said: "No. I must not be idle. I must go quickly and plow, or else there will be no grain to make bread of."

Then the little boy thought to himself, "What, is nobody idle? then little boys must not be idle either."

So he made haste and went to school, like a good boy, and learned his lesson very well.

Note. — Tell the children that this story has been read by little children ever since the time when their grandparents were young and went to school.

SLATE AND LANGUAGE WORK.

The work of the bee is to .....

The dog ..... for his master.

The horse .....

The bird .....

The work for boys and girls is .....

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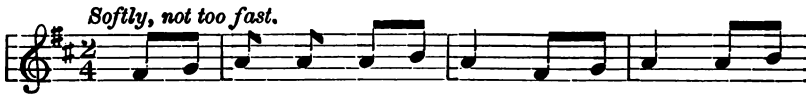
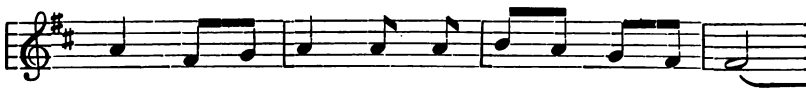
THE BIRD'S NEST.

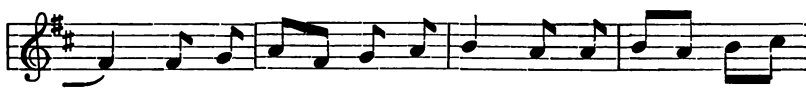
Softly, not too fast.



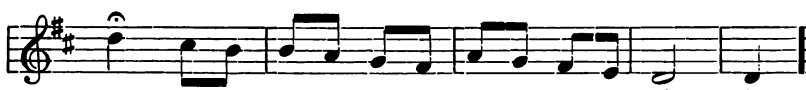
If ever I see on bush or



tree Young birds in a pret - ty nest



I must not in my play steal the birds a-



way, To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be taken away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

CAPITALS.— Class III.

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LESSON 1.—SPELL:

Hăr'rȳ	ĕlse	BY SIGHT.	wĭnked
ĕx cĕpt'	shoe	laughed	kĭcked

THE STORY OF A ROBBER.

I.

"Where is the baby's shoe?" asked mamma one morning.

Baby Harry sat on the floor with only one shoe on. He kicked his little fat feet and laughed. He could not talk, so he did not tell.

Nellie and Mabel did not know. There was no one else in the room except Buff, the little brown dog.

He sat still and winked his eyes very fast; but no one asked him, and he did not tell.

Mamma and the girls looked everywhere, but they did not find the lost shoe.

wood'en	watch
fuss'y	bench
straight	proud

Papa came home at night with a new doll for Mabel.

It was a wooden one. Its black eyes and hair were only painted. But it had a pink dress and white bonnet, so that it looked quite gay and fine.

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She named it Rosa Bell.

One morning when Nellie went to feed her pet chickens, Mabel thought she would go too.

"I like to watch the yellow, downy, little chicks, and to see their proud, fussy mother take care of them," she said.

She left Rosa Bell sitting very straight on the garden bench.

When she came back the doll was gone, and no one knew where.

II.

"I can't find the dust brush anywhere," said Mary, the maid. "Have you children had it?"

Nellie and Mabel hunted all over the house, but the dust brush could not be found.

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Buff was on the lawn, jumping at a big butterfly.

"I never did see such a dog," said Mary.

but'ter fly	pŭn'ĭsh
thief	rŏb'bĕr
fōlks	hŏn'ĕst

Next papa's straw hat was missing. He said he left it on the piazza when he went in to tea.

"I wish I knew who the thief was," he said. "I would punish him." But he did not know.

A few days after, he saw Buff rolling over and over on the lawn with something in his mouth.

He went to see what it was, and found his lost hat.

Buff ran and hid himself under the back shed. He thought papa was going to punish him.

Papa went too.

"I will see what else he has," he said.

In a little, dark hole he found all the things that had been lost.

There was the dust brush, a big beef bone, and poor Rosa Bell, with her head off; there were some old shoes, and something that was once baby's lost shoe.

"You are a robber! Did you know it?" said Mabel.

She did not like Buff very well just now.

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"I do not like folks that are not honest," she said.

Buff hung down his head. He knew she was right.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

grass'y	chick'ens	tried	prey
dread'ful	through	a las'	stole
man'sion	dis o bey'	guard	sly'ly

TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS.

One pretty Summer day
Two chickens ran away
From an old mamma hen
Shut in a chicken-pen.

These chickens slyly stole
Right through a little hole
In a fence made to guard
The mansion's grassy yard.

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"Cluck! Cluck!" called mamma dear.
Her children would not hear;
They kept on running still
Up to a little hill.

Just then they found a bug;
And, with tug after tug,—
One this, and one that way,—
Both tried to get the prey.

Dreadful to tell, alas!
A cat stole through the grass,
And, springing very quick,
She caught and ate each chick.

As naughty chickens did,
When your mammas forbid,
Children, don't run away,—
'Tis bad to disobey.

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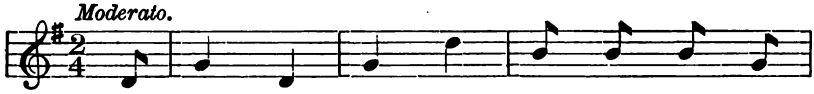
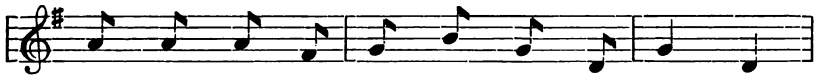
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

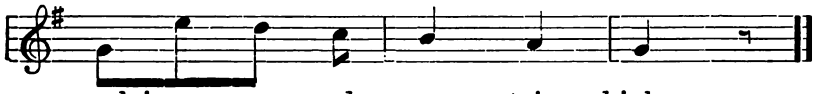
Moderato.



1. I wish I were a bird, to fly O'er
2. I'd cross the blue and bound-less sea, But



ver-dant plain and moun-tain high. O'er ver - dant
home a - gain I soon would be. But home a -



plain and moun - tain high.
gain I soon would be.

3. For oh! the world is all so fair,
   I wish I could go everywhere.

4. But 'though to distant lands I'd roam,
   I'd not be banish'd long from home.

5. Yet, like the birds that skim the air,
   I'd pay short visits everywhere.

CAPITALS. — Class IV.

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VIO'S LESSONS (*continued from page 62*).

Vio felt very proud when one day her mamma said: "You may write a letter to Auntie Lu."

She got her ruled paper, and the pencil with a rubber head that John gave her.

"Will you have to help me, mamma?" she asked.

"You may tell me each thing you want to say; then I will say the words to you as you come to them."

"I think I had better spell the words to you before I write them," said Vio.

This is what she wrote:—

DEAR AUNTIE LU,—

Did you know I could write? Mamma has taught me. This is my first letter.

Some of the capitals are very hard to make. I shall not use them if I can help it.

I like the doll you sent. I named her Lulu. John got me a funny black rubber doll. His name is Tom. Abby is the best doll to play with. She is the one you gave me first.

I thank you for both of them.

VIO HAMBLIN.

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LESSON 1. — PREPARATORY.

guard	po lite'ly	thank'ing
ca reer'ing	hast'ened	low'ing

JOHNNY.

Wonder-eyes and What-for had little friends to tea. Their table was a wash-bench under a shady tree.

While they took a-walking their dollies dressed in silk, Johnny, left to guard the feast, upset the cup of milk.

"O, dear, where shall I hide me? what will my sister say? I wish that I had stayed at home, and not come here to play."

Beneath the hill a bossie was lowing in his shed, because he thought it high time that baby calves were fed.

A happy thought struck Johnny, and he began to laugh: "If big men milk the cows, can't little boys the calf?"

The good dame at her door heard such a dreadful clatter, she hastened out to learn whatever was the matter.

She saw a cloud of dust, and, in a moment more, Johnny and the bossie calf careering round the floor.

"Come here, dear calf," he said, "don't be

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afraid; you see, I only want a little milk for Wonder-eyes and me."

"Why, Johnny, is that you? And is it just for fun, you naughty, naughty boy, you make poor bossie run?"

Then Johnny showed the cup, and told his little tale. The good dame gave him milk fresh from a bright tin pail.

Thanking her politely, as fast as he was able, Johnny hastened back, and here you see them at the table.[1]

SLATE WORK. — WRITE:

John	dolly	show	stay	thank
Johnny	dollies	showed	stayed	thanking

[1] From "WONDER EYES AND WHAT FOR," by permission of Cassell & Co.

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THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

BOY.

Dicky bird, dicky bird, whither away?
Why do you fly when I wish you to stay?
I never would harm you, if you would come
And sing me a song while you perch on my thumb.

BIRD.

Dear boy, I will sing to you here in the tree,
But pray do not come any nearer to me;
Your wide-open hand and your eyes big and bright
So fill my poor heart with trembling and fright.

LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

perch	tremb'ling	wait'ing	starve
thumb	sug'ar	near'er	swing

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BOY.

I love you, dear dicky, so why should you fear?
If you'll come with me, my sweet, pretty dear,
You shall live in a house of silver so gay,
And feed on a lump of white sugar each day.

BIRD.

But, my dear boy, I've a nest in this tree,
And three little baby birds waiting for me.
I should pine in a house of silver so gay,
And starve on a lump of white sugar each day.

I love the fresh air, the sunshine so free;
My swing in the rose-bush, my home in the tree.
My birdies are calling me, so I must fly,
And sing as I leave you, "Good by, good by."

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

read′ers	whis′tle	jack′et	bough	through
wil′low	your selves′	pock′et	min′ute	loos′en

lose, losing, lost; find, finding, found.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

Do any of you remember about a little boy who lost his knife?

The story of it is in the Primer. This is the way it begins, "Where do you think my knife can be?"

The boy made a great deal of talk about the lost knife,—as little boys, and girls, too, are apt to do, if they lose anything.

At last he found it in his own jacket pocket, the very best place in the world for a boy to keep his knife.

And now there is more to tell you about this same boy. He looks older now. I wonder if the knife he has is the same that he had then.

He can use it better, I am sure. He says he can make a willow whistle. He tells us how to do it, too, and that is harder still.

If you little readers cannot do it now, learn how it is done, and try sometime to make one yourselves.

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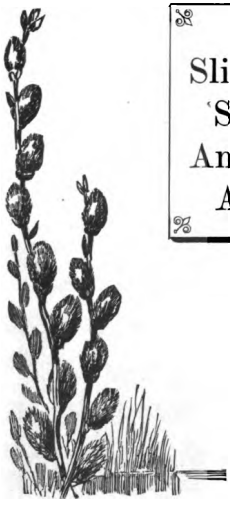
HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE.

1.

First take a willow bough,
Smooth and round and dark,
And cut a little ring
Just through the outside bark.

2.

Then tap and rap it gently
With many a pat and pound,
To loosen up the bark,
So it may turn around.



3.

Slip the bark off carefully,
So that it will not break,
And cut away the inside part,
And then a mouth-piece make.

4.

Now put the bark all nicely back,
And in a single minute
Just put it to your lips,
And blow the whistle in it.

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LESSON 1.—Word Study.

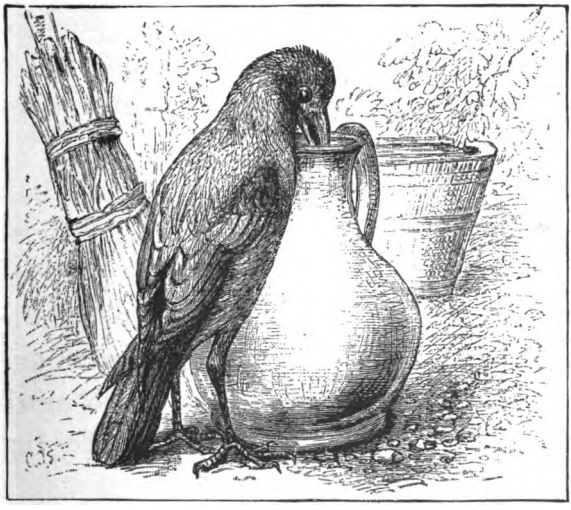
pitch′er	thĭrst′y	peb′ble	e nough′
hĕav′y	thĭrst	toŭch	a bout′

ie: spied, tried, cried, fried, dried.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.—Perseverance.

Do you know what it is to feel thirsty?—so very thirsty that you think of nothing else?

The crow was ready to die with thirst,—at least he thought he was.



Looking all about to find water, he spied a pitcher. "There may be water in it," he said; "I'll go and see."

He was right. There was water there, but so little that he could not reach it with his bill.

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"O, dear!" he said, "what shall I do?"

The sight of it made him want it all the more.

"I could get it," he said, "if I broke the pitcher." But the pitcher was too strong for him to break.

"I might tip it over," he added, "and then get a little of the water as it runs out." But the pitcher was too heavy for him.

He looked at the water, and was more thirsty still.

"I won't give up until I have to," he said. "There must be some way for me to get that water. I'll try to find it out."

At last he flew away. Do you think he gave it up? Not he. Wait a little and you shall see what he did.

He came flying back with a little pebble in his mouth, and let it drop into the pitcher. Then he flew away, but soon came back again with another pebble. "They will help to bring the water up to me," he said.

Was he not a bright little bird to think of such a way as that?

He went again, and again, and again. Each pebble made the water rise in the pitcher a little; each time he came, the crow tried to reach it.

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"If I can drop pebbles enough, it will save my life," he said. For now he was growing faint.

The very next pebble that he dropped he could reach down and touch; and one or two more brought the water so high that he could dip his bill into it.

He drank every drop. And now he felt well and strong again. "This," he said, "is what people mean when they say,

'If I cannot find a way, I will make one.'"

LESSON 2. — Spell words like:

spied, reach, mouth, flew.

LESSON 3. — LANGUAGE STUDY.

The crow is a ..... little ..... All its ..... are black.

Its ..... and .... are ..... too. The crow's voice is not .....

It cries ..... all the time. Farmers do not ..... the crow.

They set ..... in their fields to ..... them away. They call the crow a .....

But for all that he is a .... bird, and has many ..... ways.

SLATE WORK. — DICTATION.

If I cannot find a way, I will make one.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

hol'low | mer'ri ly | qui'et ly | red'breasts

Count the syllables, and tell the vowels.

I'LL TRY.

Two robin redbreasts built their nests
  Within a hollow tree.
The hen sat quietly at home,
  The cock sang merrily;
And all the little robins said,
  "Wee-wee! wee-wee! wee-wee!"

One day the sun was warm and bright
  And shining in the sky;
Cock Robin said, "My little dears
  'Tis time you learned to fly."
And all the little robins said,
  "I'll try! I'll try! I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
  I'll tell you by and by;
When mamma says, "Do this" or "that,"
  She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a sweeter child by far
  If she would say, "I'll try."

learn, learned; sweet, sweeter; shine, shining; quiet, quietly.

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LESSON 1.—Word Study

Char'lie	sug'ar	eat'en
birth'-day	shan't	an'swer
curled	brok'en	bit'ten

-ought (*ôt*): ought, bought, nought, sought.

THE SUGAR DOG.

When Charlie's birthday came, his aunt gave him a little dog made of sugar.

It was white, with pink ears, a pink nose, and a pink tail that curled over its back.

"See how long you can keep him, Charlie," said Aunt Sarah.

"O, I shall keep him ever so long. I shan't want to eat a dog. I'm going to name him Pink," said Charlie.

The next morning Charlie said, "Aunt Sarah, don't you think my sugar dog would look better if his tail was just a little mite shorter?"

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"No, indeed," said his aunt; "I think it looks best just as it is now."

"Well, but auntie, you see I want to play that a bad man caught him, and cut off his tail; so I want to make it shorter," said Charlie.

And Pink's curly tail was broken off and eaten.

In the afternoon Charlie said, "I'm going to play that a big dog is coming to have a fight, and he's going to bite my dog's ears off."

So, in a little while, Pink's ears were broken off and eaten.

"How pretty he was," said Aunt Sarah.

"He's a nice dog now, auntie; and he's just as good to play with. See what long legs he has, and how straight he stands."

"Perhaps he would look better if his legs were shorter," said Aunt Sarah, with a smile.

Charlie did not answer. He put the sugar dog away, and his aunt did not see it about any more.

One day she said, "What has become of Pink? Has the big dog bitten him again?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said Charlie.

"You know you said that perhaps he'd look better if his legs were shorter; so I played one day that he fell down and broke two of them.

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And then he couldn't stand, and he looked so bad, I couldn't bear to see him, so I ate him up —every bit of him.

"I don't think folks ought to make dogs out of sugar; for you can't keep them very long, can you, Aunt Sarah?"

SLATE WORK.

Charlie and his sugar dog.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

grapes	twice	break'fast	aunt	gone
bunch	nap'kin	cun'ning	swing	such

MILLY'S RED NAPKIN.

Aunt Mary had a bunch of grapes sent to her one day.

"O give me one! give me one!" looked little Milly.

Milly had felt very sad all the morning. She had nothing for breakfast but bread and milk. She did not like that, so she only ate a tiny bit. "I will see if I can't get something else by and by," she said.

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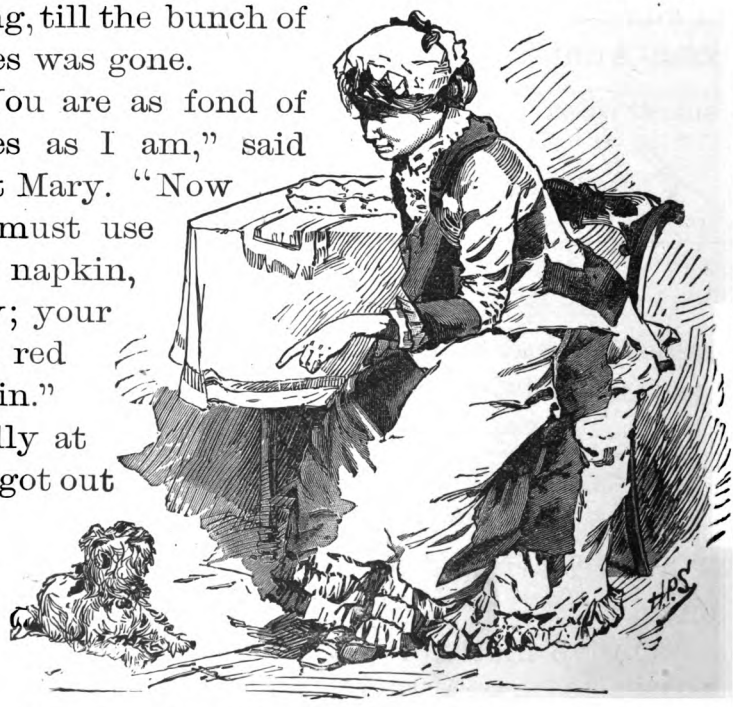
Aunt Mary knew all about it. When she saw how much Milly wanted to taste the grapes, she gave her one.

Milly ate that, and asked for more. She kept asking, till the bunch of grapes was gone.

"You are as fond of grapes as I am," said Aunt Mary. "Now you must use your napkin, Milly; your little red napkin."



Milly at once got out her own little red napkin. She drew it twice across her lips, then gave it a swing, and put it all into her mouth.

Did you ever hear of such a thing? What did Aunt Mary say to that, do you think?

"That is right, little Milly," she said.

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Listen while I tell you who Milly was; she was Aunt Mary's little pet dog.

Can you tell now what her red napkin was?

Milly is a wise little dog. She can do many other cunning things.

Aunt Mary has no little girls or boys in her house, so she is very fond of her pretty pet dog.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

jour'ney	gnaw	sweet'est	school
learn'ing	know	sup'per	frol'ic

A LITTLE BOY.

If I were a little bird,
I'd sing my sweetest song;
I'd take a journey to the sky
And frolic all day long.

If I were a pussy-cat,
I'd chase the rats and mice;
And have sweet cream for supper.
And everything that's nice.

If I were a tiny mouse,
I'd gnaw the soft new cheese;

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When Tabby wasn't in the way,
I'd do just as I please.

But I am a little boy,
Just learning
what to do.
Though every
day,
it seems to
me,
I find out some-
thing new.

I get up in
the morning,
And play with
Tom and Nell.
And when I am
as old as they,
I'll go to school
as well.

I'm very little, to be sure,
But then I'm only four;
And some day I'll be older,
And know a great deal more.

SLATE WORK. — DICTATION.

I find out something new every day.

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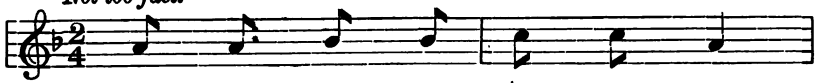
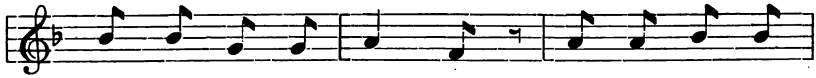
PURITY.

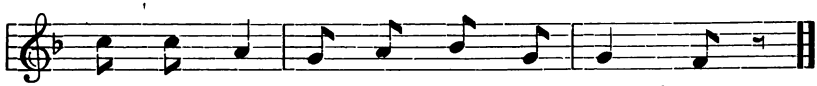
Not too fast. FRANZ REITER.



Doves up - on the roof - tree sit,



Pruning every feather; Pussy washes



free from dust Face and paws together.

Swallows, linnets, ducks, and geese,
In the water washing;
Pony, too, as well as these,
In the pond is splashing.

Well they know the blessing, too,
Birds and leaves and flowers;
Blossoms bathe themselves in dew,
Trees in cooling showers.

Birds and trees and blossoms sure
Speak the voice of Heaven;
So must we keep bright and pure
All that God has given.

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LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

weath'er	clothes	splash'ing	cur'rants
splen'did	cal'i co	twink'les	whales

AFTER THE RAIN.

Rain! rain! rain! How it had rained! "It looks as if it had just begun over again," said Milly. "I wonder if it will rain to-morrow."

"Do you see any sign of its clearing, papa?" asked Ned, as he looked at the sky. "Do you think we shall have good weather to-morrow?"

"We must wait and see," was the reply.

It rained all night, and till breakfast time. Winnie said she woke and heard it on the tin roof of the piazza.

But while the family were at breakfast the sun came out bright and clear. By the time breakfast was over the clouds were all gone.

"How blue the sky is!" said Milly.

"Just see the water in the paths!" said Ned.

"Look at that dear little pond at the foot of the garden!" cried Milly.

"Wouldn't it be nice to wade through," added Winnie.

"We could make splendid mud pies and cakes there," said Milly.

"I wonder if mother would let us," began Ned.

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"I think she would," said their mother. She had come into the room without their hearing her, and had heard what they had been saying.

"But you must put on your old clothes," she said, "and you must come into the house and get washed after you have had your play."

"Yes'm, we will," they all said at once.

It was not long before Milly and Winnie came back in their oldest calico dresses, and Ned with his worn-out pants rolled above his knees.

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They were soon splashing in the pond at the foot of the garden.

First, they made some boats out of chips, and put paper sails on them; then they played the boats were whales, and caught them with spears made of sticks.

By the time the whales had all been caught, the girls were ready to make mud pies out of the nice soft mud on the edge of the pond.

Milly found an old tin pan to make a pie in. She even made "twinkles" round the edges, as Hannah the cook did. Winnie used a box-lid. She filled it with green currants, and made holes in the top crust to show the currants.

Ned did not care to make pies. "Cooking is girls' work," he said. So he made a dam across the pond. They played till the bell rang for them to come in and get ready for dinner.

"We've had such fun," said Winnie.

"And the three days of rain gave it," said papa.

"Then I'm glad we had the rain," said Winnie.

"And so am I," said both Milly and Ned.

SLATE WORK.

After three days of rain.

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LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

fun'ni est.	in side'	pump'kin.	*coun'try.
jack'-o'-lan'tern	smil'ing.	at'tic.	Dex'ter

PHIL DEXTER'S JACK-O'-LANTERN.

"Oh! mamma, mamma! do come! come, quick!" said little Ned.

It was a dark night. Ned was looking out of the window.

"I see the funniest looking man," he said. "Do come and look at him. Where his eyes and nose and mouth ought to be, he has great holes.

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And they are all full of light. Isn't he funny? He must be all on fire inside his head!"

"Don't you know what that is, Ned?" asked his big brother, Joe. "That's a jack-o'-lantern. It is made out of a pumpkin; it must be Phil Dexter's. His grandfather gave him the pumpkin. He has been up in the country, you know, mamma, and he brought the pumpkin home.

"I could make one if I had a pumpkin. He cut holes for the mouth and eyes and nose, and put a candle inside. The light is a candle, Ned; don't you see? There, he has gone."

"I wish our grandpapa lived in the country," said Ned, "so that we could have a jack-o'-lantern."

"I'll make one, anyway," said Joe. "I know I can, out of something."

Joe sat very still till tea time. He was thinking how to make his jack-o'-lantern.

When tea was over, he went up into the attic. No one saw him for a long time. Little Ned got sleepy and went to bed.

At last Joe came down.

"Now, mamma," he said, "if you will give me two cents to buy a candle, I will show you as good a jack-o'-lantern as ever was made."

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He ran to the store close by, and soon came back with his candle. Then he went into the front hall and shut the door.

"Now come into the hall, if you please," he said very soon; "Jack wishes to see you. But you must shut the door, or else put out your light."

His mamma turned the gas very low, and they all went into the hall. There sat Mr. Jack, looking as bright and smiling as you please.

Joe had found a round box in the attic. He cut eyes and a nose and a mouth, and set a candle in it. It made a very fine Jack.

As soon as it was dark the next night, he took it out of doors, and came close to the window for Ned to see.

"We have our jack-o'-lantern now," said Ned, "if we haven't a grandpapa up in the country to give us a pumpkin."

In a few days all the boys had made jack-o'-lanterns. Joe said the town was full of men with fires inside their heads.

SLATE WORK.

Phil Dexter's jack-o-lantern.

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LESSON 1.— Word Study.

please	float	sail	miss
pleased	float'ed	sailed	missed
pleas'ant	float'ing	sail'or	miss'ing

Cal i for'nia, weath'er, shing'les, ban'ners.

SAILING BOATS.

One rainy day papa made two ships for his little girls. They were about a foot long. It

pleased the girls very much to see the ships made. They had little, white sails; and tiny flags floated from the tops of the masts. And they were gayly painted.

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Sixon put his nose into the paint pail, so he was painted, too. But it soon wore off. Sixon was the dog.

Mabel's ship was painted blue and had a blue flag. She called it the "Bluebell."

Nelly's was bright red. She thought a long name would sound the best. So she named hers "The Pride of the Seas."

When the pleasant weather came again, the two sisters had fine times sailing their ships.

They were careful little girls, and their papa let them go down to the lake to play as often as they liked.

There was a little cove, with a bright, sandy beach near their home. They sent the ships across this cove from one side to the other.

Back and forth they went safely for awhile. But one day a stray breeze caught the little "Bluebell." She did not sail across to the other side, as she had done before. She went out past the point, and away into the great, wide lake.

The wind was strong. The blue banners floated in the air, and she sailed away and away, till at last she was quite out of sight.

"Let's play she has gone to California," said Nelly sadly, as she stood watching her.

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"She will come back with a load of gold some time," added Mabel.

"The Pride of the Seas" had to go across the cove alone now.

"She's as much yours as mine," said Mabel. And after that she always said "our boat" when she spoke of it.

One day the girls tried a new place, and the ship stuck fast in a bank of mud where the girls could not go.

John, the hired man, had to put on his long rubber boots, and wade into the water to get her.

Many and many a pleasant summer day she sailed. The girls used to make little boats of pieces of shingles, with paper dolls for sailors.

They sent them out on the lake to find the missing "Bluebell." It is now a long time since she started, but she has never come back.

Nellie and Mabel are young ladies; but they still keep the pretty plaything their papa made for them.

SLATE WORK. (Joining **o** to other letters.)

cove	point	stood	could
dolls	nose	boots	Six'on
down	boat	box	long

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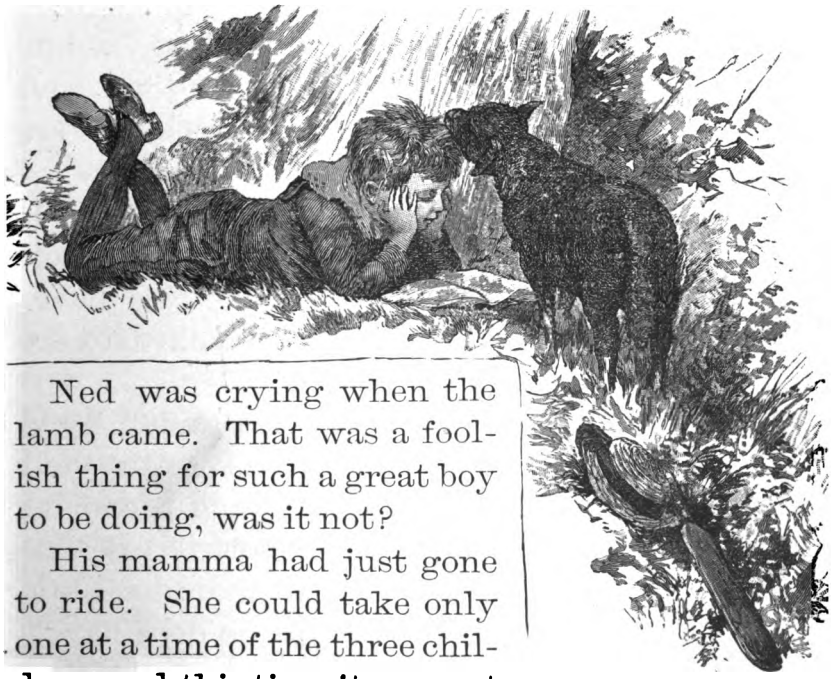
LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

pres′ent	col′lar	jag′ged	dar′ling
ex press′	watch′ing	fleece	nib′ble

NED'S BLACK LAMB.

Not long ago Ned had a present of a lamb. His Uncle Frank sent it to him by express.



Ned was crying when the lamb came. That was a foolish thing for such a great boy to be doing, was it not?

His mamma had just gone to ride. She could take only one at a time of the three children, and this time it was not Ned's turn. So Ned and his sister stood on the piazza, with eyes full of tears, watching mamma out of sight.

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It was just then that the man came into the yard with the lamb. The children did not cry any more, you may be sure.

It did not look much like the lamb the children had read about, with "fleece as white as snow." This one was black; but it had a line of white about its neck and feet, like a collar and cuffs.

The children called it "a beauty" and "a darling." They jumped up and down for joy. And pretty soon the lamb jumped, too; but lambs are always a little stiff.

The black lamb grew very fond of Ned. It would follow him about all day. A bed of soft hay was made for it in the shed. Ned never went to his own bed till he had looked to see that his pet was asleep.

stout knock heärt hĕav′y̆ griēf

One day Ned's mamma said, "Why, Ned, what is the matter with your hair? Have you been trying to cut it? It looks all jagged and torn."

"My lambie eats it, mamma," said Ned; "he likes it just as well as he does hay."

And this was true. When the little boy sat with his book, or lay on the ground in the shade, the black lamb would come up in the most loving way and nibble his hair.

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By and by this very little lamb, that came to Ned in the spring-time, had grown stout and large. He was not a very safe pet.

Baby was just learning to walk. Whenever she came out on the lawn, Lambie, as Ned still called his pet, would knock her over and dance around or upon her. He did not mean to do harm; but he hurt her, he was so heavy.

So the mother had to send him off to a farm a good many miles away.

Poor Ned! No one could blame him for crying then. His little heart was full of grief. He sadly missed his playmate.

Some weeks after, when a flock of sheep went by, his mamma heard him ask the man who took care of them: "Please, sir, have you a little black lamb, with a white collar round its neck? It must be a very little one."

Even now he does not like to have any one talk of the bad ways of "that black sheep."

LESSON 2. — SLATE WORK. DICTATION.

A little black lamb with white collar and cuffs.

LESSON 3. — About a Lamb.

How large? What kind of a covering? How many feet? what kind? What he eats. What sound he makes.

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LESSON 1.— Word Study.

lin'gered | pa'tient ly | ap pear' | fol'lowed | teach'er

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb;
  Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
  The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day:
  That was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play
  To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out;
  But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
  'Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
  His head upon her arm;
As if to say, "I'm not afraid,
  You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
  The eager children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
  The teacher did reply.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

read'er	coax'ing	per haps'	hun'gry
be cause'	coax	a wake'	sharp'ly

THE BLACK BEAR.

I know two children who are not afraid of a big black bear. You and I would be afraid, would we not, little reader?

These little ones are only babies. They are not a year old yet. Do you think it is because they know no better that they are not afraid?

The babies are twins; that is, they are both of the same age — a little brother and sister, perhaps.

They are very fond of the old black bear. They like to lie down by her side. They will sleep there for an hour at a time, and when they wake, they will coax the bear to play with them.

If she is sleepy, she may be a little cross at first; perhaps she will speak sharply to them, or push them away; but they do not mind that. They will go on coaxing till she is wide awake.

Then what a frolic they will have! How the babies will roll and tumble! And the bear seems to like it as well as they do. She is very fond of them. No one would dare to go near her to take the little ones away.

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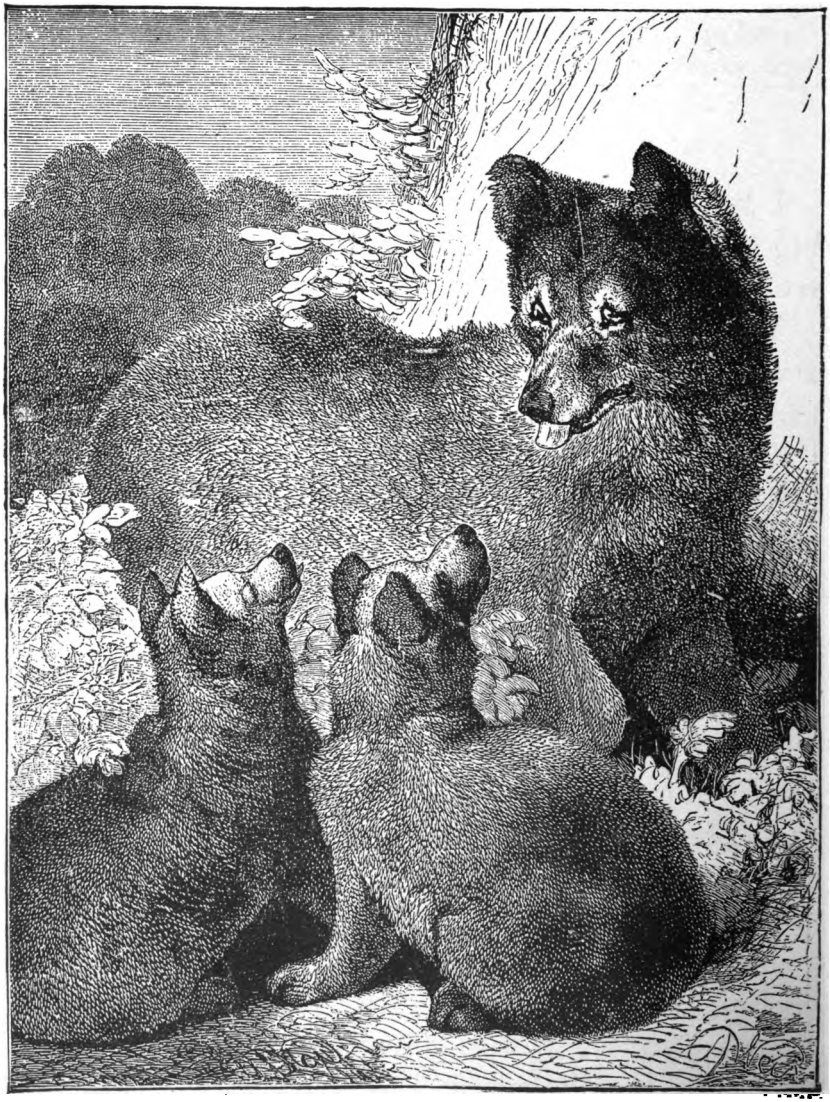

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But it would not be safe for all children to be so free with a bear.

These, if they could speak, would call her "mother." That is why they feel so safe.

Mothers, all over the world, are good to their little children, are they not?

Look at the picture. See the bright face of the mother bear. She does not look as if she would harm any one.

And see the little cubs look up at her. What are they saying? They are full of fun and frolic.

This kind of bear is not apt to be cross. She would be if her children were in danger. She might be if she were hungry, for that would make her cross.

I would not care to go very near her; would you?

LESSON 2. — SPELL:

bear	dare	fair	their
tear	care	air	there
wear	pare	hair	where

What kind of a coat does the ....

The cubs call the bear ..... mother.

I should not .... to go ..... the bear is.

It is a .... day. I will .... the apple.

Do not .... your dress. Take .... of your .....

The teacher may tell what the missing word is, and let the children point to it.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

Grand'-	al'ways	nee'dles
mam ma	stitch'es	grow'ing
knit'ting	some'times	sor'ry

SPELL: sew (sō), does, puts, any, next.

THE LOST STITCHES.

Grandmamma is always knitting.

She says she is growing blind, and cannot see to read and sew as mamma does.

But her eyes do not look blind to little Bennie. He thinks they are full of light and love.

He likes to watch grandmamma at her knitting, she makes the needles fly so fast.

"How can you, Grandma, when you don't look on?" he asks.

Sometimes she drops a stitch; then she looks on. Bennie thinks her eyes look sorry. He does not like to have grandmamma drop a stitch.

And he cannot think where they go when they fall.

She is knitting a red hood now for the little lame girl in the next street.

Bennie wants all the stitches to go in to make it pretty and warm. So he has taken his little basket. You see him in the picture. He is looking on the floor to see if he can find any of them.

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"How do they look, grandma?" at last he says; "I don't see any of them."

"What are you looking for, my boy?" asks grandmamma.

"For the stitches that you lost," says Bennie; "you said you lost one just now, and I have been trying to find it for you."

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So grandmamma lets him see a stitch drop, and shows him how she picks it up again. Then she puts the work away, and tells the dear boy the story he likes best of all to hear:

How mamma was once a little girl named Emma, and how afraid she was of the dog, Shag.

And how one day Emma fell into the mill-pond, and no one knew it but Shag. And Shag brought her out without hurting her a bit, and laid her on the bank.

Then how Shag went and told her papa, so that he went and saw little Emma, and took her home.

How they all cried and laughed, and laughed and cried. How they loved the little Emma more than ever, and the good dog, Shag. And how Emma was never afraid of Shag again.

Then Bennie goes, as he always does, to tell it to his mamma, and to ask if she *was* a little girl named Emma, and if she was *afraid of Shag*, and if she *fell into the pond and he pulled her out*, and she was *never afraid any more.*

SLATE WORK.

Finding grandma's stitches.

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LESSON 1.—Word Study.

o′pen ing | in′sect | hon′ey | swim′ming | re joice′

EARLY RISING.

Get up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening, the dew's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch, see, there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please,
And by all those rings on the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I daresay, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work better than play.

Get up, for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, or work like the bee.

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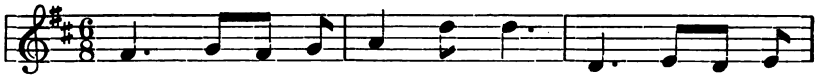
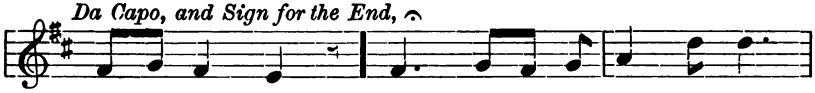
THE RISING SUN.

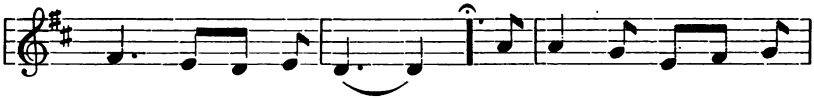


1. See where the ris - ing sun In splen - dor
2. Fair is the face of morn; Why should your

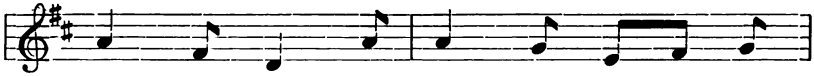
Da Capo, and Sign for the End, 𝄐



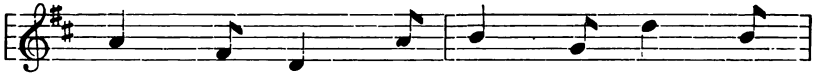
decks the skies! His dai - ly course be-gun;
eye - lids keep Clos'd when the night is gone?



Haste and a - rise.--- Oh, come with me where
Wake from your sleep.-- Oh, who would slum - ber

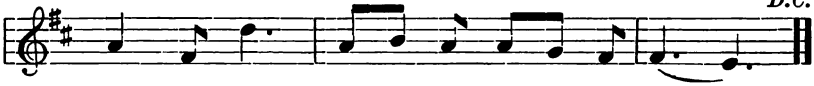


vio - lets bloom And fill the air with
in his bed, When dark-ness from his



sweet per - fume, And where, like dia - monds
couch has fled, And when the lark as-

D.C.



to the sight, Dew - drops spar - kle bright.
cends on high, War - bling songs of joy?--

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

draw'er	troub'le	gnaw	crumbs	whis'ker
tow'els	pan'try	snug	bā'con	rē ply'
quĭck'ly	ex cuse'	thrĕads	al'most	hur'rah

THE COUNCIL OF THE MICE.

There were once some little mice who lived in the walls of a house.

They found plenty to eat; there were snug little places to make nests, and there was a drawer full of towels from which to get threads to line them. In the great attic they could frolic and dance, or run races inside the walls.

They had but one trouble: in the same house there was a cat,—a very wicked cat, they said.

One night they met to talk about their trouble, and to see if they could not find a way to put an end to it.

"We must do something," they all said. There were Brown-back, Grey-ear, White-whisker, and ever so many more.

"It is not safe for us anywhere," said Brown-back. "If I step into the pantry to get a bit of cheese-rind or bacon, down comes the cat. If I go into the dining-room to pick up the crumbs, she is sure to be there."

"And she watches at every hole that any one

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of us makes. I am afraid to work lest she should hear my teeth gnaw the wood. Her ears must be better even than ours."

This was a long speech for a mouse to make, but Brown-back had not told half their trouble.

"What can we do?" asked Gray-ear. "Shall we all run at her at once, and bite her? Or shall we make noises, and frighten her?"

"No," said White-whisker; "she is so bold, we could not hurt nor frighten her. I have thought of something better than that. Let us hang a bell round her neck. If she moves, the bell will ring, and we shall hear it, and know where she is; then we can keep out of her way."

"Oh! yes! yes!" cried all the mice. "That is just the thing. We will bell the cat. Hurrah! Hurrah! We will bell the cat!"

If you had seen their glee, you would have thought the thing had been done.

"But who will hang the bell round her neck?" asked Brown-back. "I can't; I have little ones to care for. Will you?" he asked of White-whisker.

"I don't think I can," was the reply; "I am lame, you know. It needs some one who can move quickly."

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"Will you, Gray-ear?" asked Brown-back.

"You must excuse me," said Gray-ear. "I have not been well since that time when I was almost caught in the trap."

"If it is a good thing to do," said Brown-back, "some one ought to do it. Is there any one who will?"

Not a sound was heard. And one by one each little mouse stole away to her nest, and nothing was ever said again about belling the cat.

"What silly mice!" said Charlie, when he read the story.

"I think so, too," said his little cousin; "why didn't one of them do it?"

"Oh! that wasn't the silly thing; the mice couldn't hang a bell round a cat's neck. A cat is as big as fifty mice."

"What was silly, then?" asked the little girl.

"Why, it was silly to think of such a thing. They forgot how little they were," said Charlie.

"I know a little boy," said his auntie, "who forgets in just the same way, sometimes. If he is ever as silly again, I must ask him if he will be the one to 'Bell the Cat.'"

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LESSON 1.— WORD STUDY.

fam′i ly	view	teach′er	dairy
blan′ket	wear	hĕalth′y	shĕlves

FARMER BENT'S COWS.

Farmer Bent keeps three cows; and no cows in the world can have a happier life than his do.

All the family are fond of them. Every day some nice thing that cows like is saved for them.

The children feed them from a basket. Little Julie is only five years old, yet she holds a wisp of hay and lets them eat it out of her hand.

In summer they have a cool shed to sleep in, and in winter a warm barn. Last year each of them had a blanket hung on the Christmas tree to wear at night.

Their pasture is a pretty, green hillside. Jimmy Bent says he knows they like the sunsets and the pretty view, they stand looking at them so long.

Down in the hollow between the hills there is a brook, and a pond of clear fresh water.

Some trees grow there, too; and the cows stand in the pond, or lie down in the cool shade, on hot summer days.

They go to the bars at night just in time for Jimmy, who goes there to meet them.

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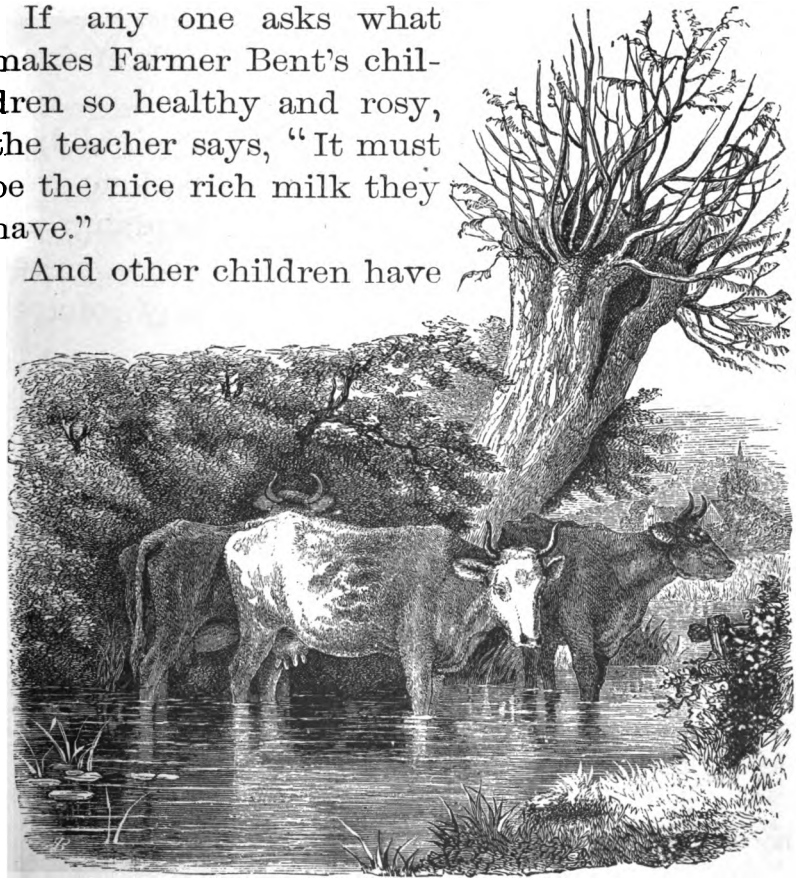
Each cow knows her place, and goes to it to be milked. At night and in the morning they give three full pails of milk for the family to use.

If any one asks what makes Farmer Bent's children so healthy and rosy, the teacher says, "It must be the nice rich milk they have."

And other children have



it too; for they go every day with their pails to get it.

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But even that does not use it all. On the dairy shelves are rows of bright pans filled with milk. They are skimmed every day, and the cream is put into a churn and made into butter.

Then all who wish can have a drink of fresh buttermilk.

In the summer cheese is made. The children always have a piece in their lunch-baskets.

The little pats of butter in the dairy are stamped with a round stamp. They are so pretty it seems a pity to cut them when they come to the table.

Kitty and the dog, the hens and the chickens, the ducks and the pigs, all have a share of the milk that has been skimmed.

How many there are to get good from Whiteface, Brindle, and Brown Bess.

LESSON 2.—LANGUAGE STUDY:

The cow is a ..... The milk that she gives is used to make ..... Milk is also used in ....., and in making ..... and many other things.

The flesh of the cow and ox is called ..... The horns are made into ..... The hair is used in ..... The skin is made into ..... for our ..... From the hoofs ..... is ..... and the bones are useful for .....

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

wag′on	hŭr′ry	friĕnds	brôught
cŏv′er	ring′lets	Geôrg′ie	coŭs′in
out side′	wāit′ing	my self′	picked

AFTERNOON PLAY.

Georgie Laws woke fresh and bright from his afternoon nap.

"Please don't brush my hair much, mamma," he said; "I'm in such a hurry."

"What has my little man to do in such haste?" asked his mamma.

"I've got to pick up apples for papa. I'm going down to the big apple-tree with Caper and the wagon."

"And, mamma, I want a—"

"It sounds better to say, 'I would like,'" said his mamma.

"Yes. If you please, mamma, I'd like to have a basket to pick the apples into. May I?"

"Yes, you may take the one with a cover," said his mamma.

"And I will put my lunch into it, and eat it down there,—lunch for all of us, I mean; me, and the kitties, and Rab, and Caper."

"Isn't it more polite to name yourself last? You don't want to say 'me' first of all, do

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you?" said mamma, as she gave his ringlets a last brush.

"No," said Georgie, "I'll say it right. And I'll begin with Caper,—he'll eat the most; next Rab; and the kitties, Buff and Duff; and then me, myself."

"That will do," said mamma, as she gave him a good-by kiss.

Rab was waiting outside for his little master to wake up. Caper came at his call, and the kittens were found curled up in the hay in the

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barn. Georgie had to wake them from their nap. "You mustn't sleep all day," he said.

The basket was put into the back of the red wagon. Georgie got cake for Rab, Caper, and himself, and some corn-bread for Buff and Duff.

The goat and wagon were his birthday present when he was five years old.

His cousin Tom had trained the goat to draw the wagon, and Georgie soon learned to drive.

Rab barked so at Caper at first that he would not go; but they are good friends now. Rab barks as much as ever, he thinks it such sport; but Caper does not mind it.

Georgie picked his basket full of apples, and brought them up to the house. His papa called him his hired man when he saw how much work he had done; and this pleased Georgie as much as the rest of the play.

"I'll do more to-morrow," he said. "I only picked up under one tree."

LESSON 2. — SPELL OR WRITE:

sound	found	please	years	ears
bound	hound	tease	fears	hears
round	pound	ease	tears	dears

LANGUAGE STUDY.

How do you tell a goat from a sheep? a dog? a cow?

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LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

Wil'liams	coax	min'ute	horse'back
Can'a'da	throat	sad'dle	to geth'er

CHARLIE'S HORSE PRINCE.

The name of this horse is Prince; the boy is Charlie Williams.

Charlie's father bought the horse in Canada, and rode horseback all the way home. He was a week in coming, though he rode twenty-five miles each day.

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Charlie could hardly wait to see his horse. He told all the boys about him. "I will let you ride him sometimes," he said.

Prince was quite wild when he came. No one but Charlie's father could go near him for a week or two. Charlie was afraid he should never feel safe on his back.

"You must coax him with oats and apples," said his papa.

Prince likes apples. Charlie takes a basket full, and goes to the pasture fence and calls, "Prince, Prince." The horse pricks up his ears and listens a minute. Then he gallops to the fence to get the apples.

At first, if any one came near him, he would kick up his heels and gallop away.

Charlie began by giving him an apple at the end of a long stick. Then each day he held his hand a little nearer the apple, and at last did not have to use the stick at all.

Charlie has a very fine dog. His name is Don. Don knows a great deal.

When Prince is at the end of the pasture he is too far away to hear Charlie call.

"Go find him, Don," says his master. Don bounds away and drives Prince up to the fence.

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There is a colt in the pasture named Lady June, and a cow. Lady June comes and smells the apples, but she is too small to eat them. She stands by and watches Prince.

The cow is fond of apples too; but Charlie cannot let her eat them. Her throat is small, and apples might choke her if she ate them whole.

Don drives the cow away, and will not let her come back while Prince is eating.

Prince is very playful. He and Charlie play together a great deal. He runs after Charlie and takes him up by his jacket and shakes him, but he does not hurt him.

Charlie has a nice new saddle, and when he is on the horse's back he is his master.

LESSON 2.

Charlie's horse. The horse's back. See Prince's tail.

Teach the apostrophe, and have the phrases written.

LESSON 3. — SPELL OR WRITE:

1. Horse, eats, smells, fond, apples.
2. Don, drives, knows, fence, great.

After the words have been written, put them into a story.

LESSON 4. — LANGUAGE:

The parts of a harness.

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OBEY YOUR MOTHER.

[A Lesson for a Doll.]

Don't say, "I will,"
When I say, "No";
Don't say, "I won't,"
When I say, "Go";
For I'm your
mother.

You must obey
Until you learn
The better way
Your steps to turn;
Then take no
other.

SLATE WORK AND MEMORY GEM.

Of all the pretty ways
To make a dull day bright,
The best is, just do right.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

min′ute | sōl′diers | wĕath′er | buīld′ing | car′pen ters

AT THE SANDBANK.

I.

"Madge! are you up and dressed?" called Dick from the foot of the stairs.

"It's as dry as can be at the sandbank. I've just been over to see. Let's go, just as soon as we've had breakfast."

"I'll be down in a minute. I'm all dressed. I am dressing dollie now," said Madge.

Dick sat on the upper stair to wait. "We'll take the same things we had yesterday, won't we?" he said. "Can you take all yours at once?"

"Yes," said Madge, "I shall take Jessie in my arms, and put her things and mine in my bag. I can take some of yours."

"I'm all right," said Dick. "My spade and pail are out on the piazza now. I shall put my soldiers into the pail."

"Let's not take Flash," said Madge; "he acts so."

"I think it's all the more fun," said Dick; "but we won't if you don't want to. If we don't shut him up in the house, he'll come over himself when he finds we are gone."

Their mamma and papa were in their own

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room. "How dearly Dick and Madge love each other," said mamma.

"Yes; I hope they always will. There is nothing so pleasant to see as a loving brother and sister," said their papa.

Dick and Madge lived on the edge of a pretty park. When the weather was fair, they played out of doors all day.

Some men were building a house near by, and they had a pile of clean, white sand. This was what the children called the sandbank.

"I'm sure I don't see what carpenters want sand for," said Dick.

"Wait and see," said his papa. "The workmen know what they are about. And you had better have your fun with the sand while you can."

II.

The bell rang for breakfast, and the children were soon ready for their play.

"We are going now," they said, "and we shall be gone till noon."

Their mamma could see them from her window.

"What shall we do first?" asked Dick.

WORD STUDY:

rĕad'y bōard
mor'tar guärd
tạught
plĕas'ant

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"I'll make the pies and cakes for the soldiers' dinner," said Madge.

"And I'll make forts for all of them,—except the ones on horse-back."

"While the pies are baking, I'll get dollie to sleep."

The pies were left on a board to bake in the sun. They were in little tins.

Dick made some fine forts for the soldiers. "We are safe now," said he, "with so many soldiers to guard us."

Then it was time for Jessie's nap. Madge sang the little cradle song her mamma had taught her.

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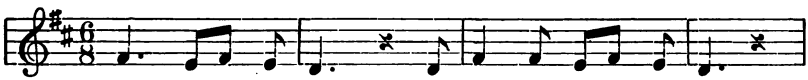
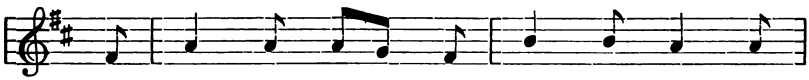
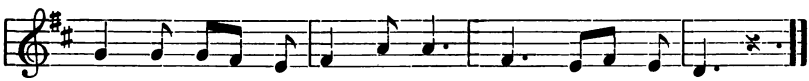
CRADLE SONG.



1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep: Our cot - tage vale is deep;



The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With



snow-y fleece so soft and clean, Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

2. Sleep, baby, sleep: I would not, would not weep.
The little lamb he never cries,
And bright and happy are his eyes!
Sleep, baby, sleep.

3. Sleep, baby, sleep: Near where the wood-bines creep;
Be always like the lamb, so mild,
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

4. Sleep, baby, sleep: Thy rest shall angels keep,
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

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Madge made a bed for her doll, and then went to look after her baking.

Flash ran back and forth from the house. Once he tore down some of the forts. Dick called it a battle, and had all the soldiers fire at him.

After awhile a bell rang, and Dick ran home to see what was wanted. He came back with some cakes for lunch.

"Your dinner is ready, too," said Madge to the soldiers. "I hope you will like it. We like mamma's cooking the best."

They gave some of each kind to Flash, and he chose the home cooking, too.

When the children went out to play next morning, the men were putting the sand into a large box. They put in some lime and some hair, and poured on water. Dick asked them what they were making. "When it is well mixed," said one of the men, "it will be mortar."

The children could not build sand forts any more, nor make sand pies; but their papa gave them some ground for a garden, and some seeds to plant in it.

"I've found out about the sand, papa," said Dick; "it helps to make mortar for the walls of the new house."

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SPRING.

Violets, violets, sweet spring violets,
Sure as spring comes, they'll come, too,
First the white and then the blue,
Pretty violets;
White with just a pinky dye,
Blue as little baby's eye,
So like violets.

Though the rough wind shakes the house,
Knocks about the budding boughs,
There are violets.
Though the passing snow-storms come,
And the frozen birds sit dumb,
There are violets.

One by one, among the grass,
Saying, "Pluck me," as we pass,
Sweet, sweet violets.
By and by there'll be so many,
We'll pluck dozens, nor miss any,
Sweet, sweet violets.
Children, when you go to play,
Look beneath the hedge to-day,
Peep for violets.

vi'o lets
dye, eye
rough
boughs
fro'zen
dumb
doz'ens
hedge

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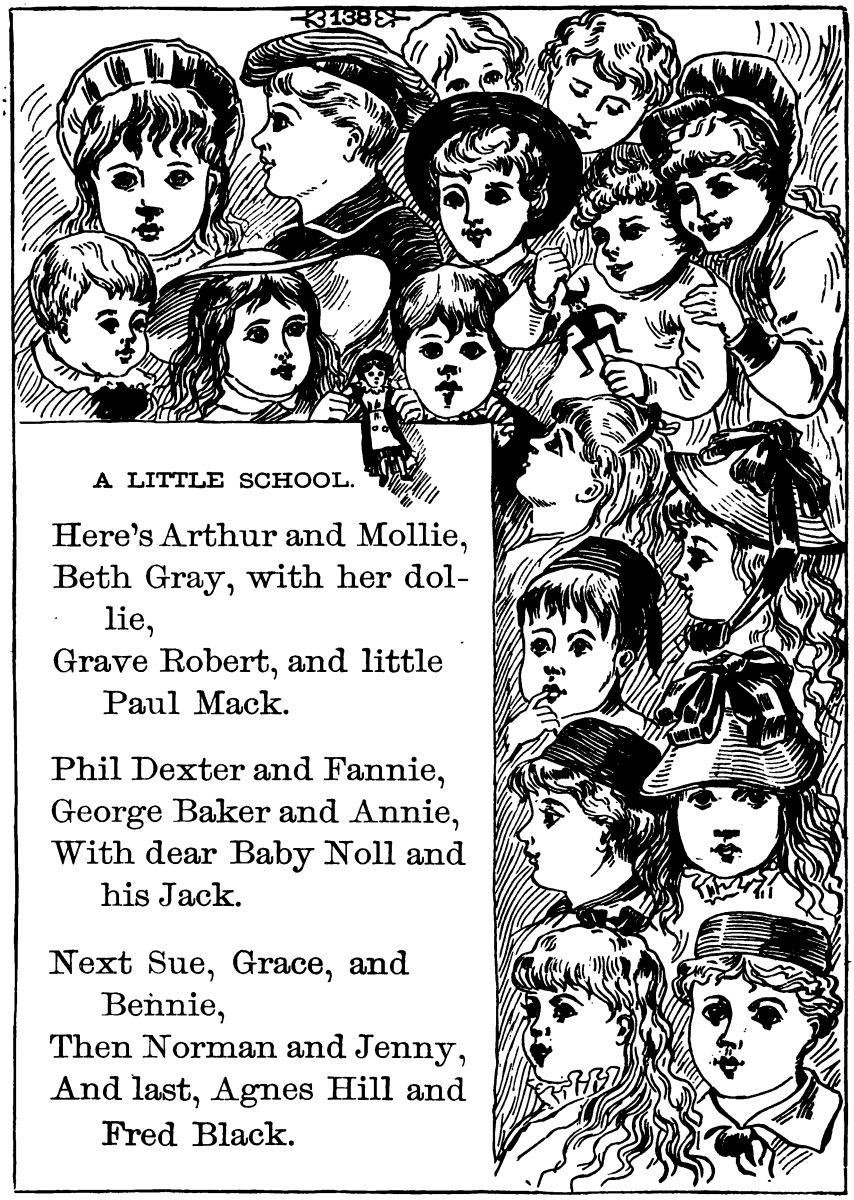

A LITTLE SCHOOL.

Here's Arthur and Mollie,
Beth Gray, with her dollie,
Grave Robert, and little
Paul Mack.

Phil Dexter and Fannie,
George Baker and Annie,
With dear Baby Noll and
his Jack.

Next Sue, Grace, and
Bennie,
Then Norman and Jenny,
And last, Agnes Hill and
Fred Black.

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Dear Miss Oak.

Here is a picture of our school. We had it taken last week. Do you see me in it?

Beth Gray held up her dollie. I wish I had had mine. The little boy with the Jumping Jack is Annie Baker's cousin. The rest you know. We all want to see you very much.

Your loving pupil,

Gracie Downs.

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LESSON 1.—Word Study.

car'riage	vil'lage	draw'er	shrubs	les'sons
sta'tion	schol'ars	cous'ins	vis'i tors	rai'sin

MISS OAK'S SCHOOL.

Would you like to know more about the little school in the picture?

It is a long way out of the village, at a place called Maple Hill.

There is no school-house at Maple Hill station. But over Mr. Downs' carriage-house is a very pretty room. It has five sunny windows, and the children use it for a school-room.

Each scholar has brought a chair from home to sit in, and each has a little table with a drawer.

There is a desk for Miss Oak, and a pretty rocking chair; and there are two chairs for visitors. Can you think how such a room would look?

The windows are full of pretty plants, and the walls have pictures on them.

In the summer time it is often hard to find where the school is. It may be out under the maple trees, or down in the hollow by the pond. I found it once in the grape arbor.

The scholars were having a lesson about grapes, and each had a bunch of grapes and a raisin.

I was a visitor, but I had grapes and raisins.

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The scholars at Maple Hill learn a great deal about the trees and shrubs, the fruits and flowers, the birds and beasts, the flies and little bugs.

But they read and write and spell, just as you do, and learn about numbers. Some of them have hard lessons in books.

There are eight girls in the school, and nine boys. But two of the children — Arthur and Noll — are too small to learn lessons.

Look at the picture till you know the name for each face that you see, and then I can tell you about some of the scholars.

Norman and Bennie are Gracie Downs' brothers. The school is at their home. Fred and Robert are her cousins, and live close by.

Fannie Dexter is the one Gracie plays with most. You can hardly see Fannie's face. Her brother Phil stood in front of her, and had on a big hat.

Annie Baker is the oldest of the scholars. She helps Miss Oak teach the little ones to read.

Miss Oak comes in the cars. Two of the scholars, a girl and a boy, or two girls or boys, go to the station to meet her.

They are all good children, and they have a pleasant school.

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LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

Dē troit′	drawl	sug′ar	ōwned
crăck′er	both′er	par′rot	should′n't

hope, hoping; give, giving; live, living.

PRETTY POLLY.

There are a great many Pretty Pollys in the world. This one was owned by a lady in Detroit.

The lady lived in a house with high, stone steps, on one of the wide streets. The cage for the parrot stood in the bay window.

In the morning the cage was open for awhile, and Polly hopped about outside.

All the little children on that street knew and loved Polly.

Some of them had to go past the house to go to school. They always looked to see if the window was open, or if Polly was out of her cage.

If she was, she would hop down to the post to see them. And they would give her a bit of cake, or a cracker, or some other nice thing.

Polly was sure to pay them with some of her wise looks or queer sayings.

If older people said, "Good morning, Mistress Polly," she would sometimes drawl out, "Good m-o-r-n-i-n-g; Polly's sleepy!"

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To the next she might say, "Good morning; don't bother a bird."

These three children are very fond of Polly. They are sometimes late at school. They stop too long to talk to her.

The one who sees the bird first calls out, "Look, look, Polly is out of her cage!"

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May is the one who can make her talk best.

She goes behind her and holds out a bit of cake. "Here, Polly," she says, "you know me."

"Yes," drawls Polly, "I know you. You're good children." That makes them laugh, and Polly does not like that. "Don't laugh," says May.

When Polly has all she wants, she will say, "Go to school now, children, go to school."

Then off they run as fast as they can, for they know it must be time.

This will all be said over again the next day, but each time it seems just as funny as before.

Sometimes the children used to talk about her strong, stout legs.

"How her toes point,—two straight in front, and two back!" they would say.

Or, "What a queer bill she has, and how funny she looks when she eats!"

But Polly did not seem to like it.

"I don't blame her," said May; "we shouldn't like to have any one do it to us. We won't do it any more."

They hope she will say some new thing; but she has only three sayings for them: "I like you," "You're good children," and "Go to school."

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LESSON 1.—Word Study

charm′ing ly	trŏd′den	cûrled	hēath
tĕr′ri bly	wạshed	chānged	fōlks

THE OLD LOVE.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

LESSON 2.—Language Study:

I had ..... She ..... One day ..... I .....
After a long time ..... The rain ..... The cows ...
Her hair ..... But still ..... world.

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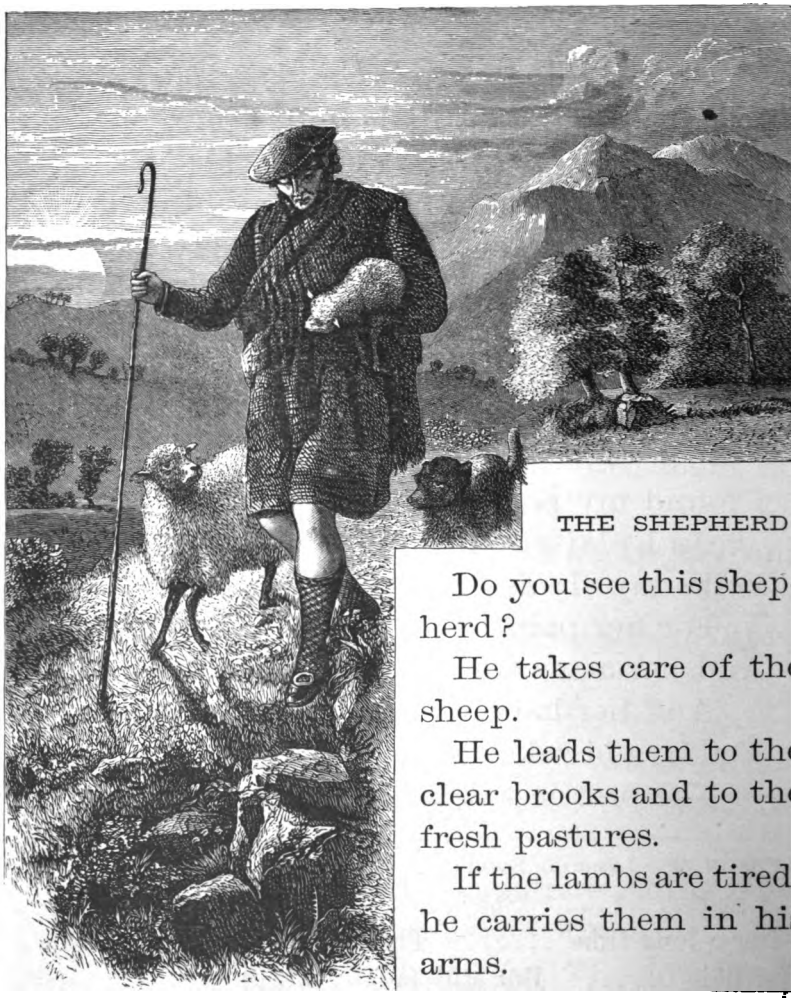
LESSON 1.—Word Study.

shep′herd	hĕrbs	fiēlds	watch′es
wan′der	ēarth	fruits	pas′ture



THE SHEPHERD

Do you see this shepherd?

He takes care of the sheep.

He leads them to the clear brooks and to the fresh pastures.

If the lambs are tired, he carries them in his arms.

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If they stray away, he brings them back to their fold.

But who takes care of the shepherd? Who leads him in the way that he goes?

If he should wander from it, who will bring him back?

God is the Shepherd who watches over all. The whole earth is His fold, and we are His flock.

The fruits and the herbs, the green fields and gardens,—all good things are the pasture which He has given us.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.

— *Psalm* xxiii.

LESSON 2. — VOWEL SCALES.

sheep	stray	care	arms	earth	all	whole	who
ē	ā	â	ä	ẽ	ạ̈	ō	ōō
brings	fresh	back	past	us	flock	—	brooks
ĭ	ĕ	ă	ȧ	ŭ	ŏ	—	o͝o

Repeat or sing the vowel scales, letting one sound pass into the next without break.

ē ā â ä ũ ạ̈ ō ọ̈

ĭ ĕ ă ȧ ŭ ŏ ō ọ

Macron —; Breve ∪; Circumflex ∧; Dots .. (above and below); Dot ·; Wave ~.

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LESSON 1.— Word Study.

wom′en | par′ent | hon′or | o bey′ | teach′es

THE MOTHER.

How dearly this mother loves her little child!

How many things she does for it!

She holds it in her arms; she feeds it and talks to it.

If the little one is sick, she takes care of it, and watches over it with tender love.

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She does not forget it for a moment.

She teaches it how to be good, and is happy as she sees it grow.

But who cares for the mother when she is tired? Who watches over her, and remembers her every moment? Who keeps her from harm?

God cares for the mother. He is the parent of all.

All the men and all the women who live in the wide world are His children.

He loves them all, and is good to all.

God is our Shepherd; let us follow Him. He is our Father; we will love Him. He is our King; let us honor and obey Him.

LESSON 2. — LANGUAGE LESSON:

The mother ..... loves her little child.
She —— it, she —— it, she —— it.
God is our ....., let us ....
He is our ...., let us ....
He is our ...., let us ....

LESSON 3. — VOWEL SOUNDS.

DOUBLE VOWELS.		TWO VOWELS WITH ONE SOUND.			DUPLICATES.
i	oi	ai	ea	ee	ḕ *like* ā; ȯ *like* ŭ
ou	u	oa	ie	ei	ṵ *like* ọ; ô *like* ạ̈

Examples. — They, sȯn, fu̇ll, fôr; pain, mean, sleep, moan.

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LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

climb	field	ex cept′	wan′der
tired	safe′ty	won′der	al′ways

THE STORY OF A LAMB.

I will tell you a story about a lamb.

There was a kind shepherd who had many sheep and lambs.

He took a great deal of care of them. He gave them sweet, fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink.

If they were sick, he was very good to them; and when they had to climb a high, steep hill, and the little lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms.

And when they were all eating their suppers in the field, he used to sit upon a stile and play them a tune upon his pipe, or sing songs to them; so they were happy sheep and lambs.

And every night this shepherd used to pen them in a fold, to keep them in safety from the greedy wolf.

Now they were all happy, as I have told you. They loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them, all except one foolish little lamb.

This lamb did not like to be shut up in the

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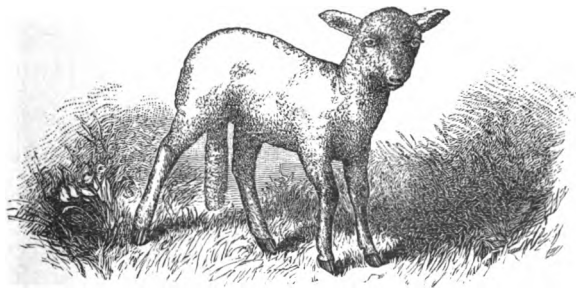
fold at night; and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her:—

"I wonder why we are shut up so all the night. The dogs are not shut up, and why should we be? I think it is very hard, and I will get away if I can.

"I like to run about as I please. It is very pleasant in the woods by moonlight."

Then the old sheep said to her: "You are very



silly little lamb; you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us that we should always do as he bids us. If you wander about by yourself, I dare say you will come to harm."

"I dare say not," said the little lamb.

And so when night came, and the shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but hid herself.

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And when the rest of the lambs were all asleep in the fold, she came out, and jumped and frisked and danced about.

for'est
frisked
howled
fierce
seized
piec'es

She got out of the field, too, into a forest full of trees; and a fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave, and howled very loud.

Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off. And the wolf saw her, and seized her.

He carried her away to a dark den, where there were two cubs; and the wolf said to them: —

"Here, I have brought you a young, fat lamb."

And the cubs took her, and growled over her a little, and then tore her in pieces and ate her up.

It is better for little silly lambs to stay in the fold at night, is it not?

LESSON 2. — SLATE WORK.

How sweetly does the time fly
When, to please my mother, I
Do with all my heart try.
'Tis Love says so.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

dȯst	de light′	voice	clōth′ing	mak′ing
mēad	wool′ly	re joice′	be came′	stream

THE LAMB.

[FOR A MEMORY GEM.]

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and made thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,—
Softest clothing, woolly bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child:
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

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LESSON 1.—Word Study.

to geth'er | mid'dle-sized' | por'ridge | nei'ther | be gin'ning

THE THREE BEARS.

Part I.

Once upon a time there were Three Bears. They lived together in a house of their own in a wood.

One of them was a Little Small Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear; and the other was a Great Huge Bear.

They had each a pot for their porridge: a little pot for the Little Small Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great Huge Bear.

And they had each a chair to sit in: a little chair for the Little Small Wee Bear; a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great Huge Bear.

And they had each a bed to sleep in: a little bed for the Little Small Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great Huge Bear.

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One day they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots. Then they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling. They did not wish to burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it.

In that same far-off country there lived a little girl. She was called Silver Hair, because her light curly hair shone so brightly.

coun′try
gath′er
ev′er y where
bot′tom
chām′ber

She was a sad romp; and so restless, she could not be kept quiet, but ran out and away, and often without leave.

One day she went into the wood to gather wild flowers, and into the fields to chase butterflies. She ran here and there and everywhere, till, at last, she found herself in a lonely wood.

There she saw the snug little house where the Three Bears lived when they were at home.

First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped into the keyhole, and seeing no one in the house, she lifted the latch.

The door was not locked, for the Bears were good Bears who did no one harm, and did not think any one would harm them.

So Silver Hair went in. And well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table.

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She tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear, and found it too hot for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and found it too cold for her.

And then she went to the porridge of the Little Small Wee Bear, and found it neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver Hair sat down in the chair of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her.

She sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her.

And then she sat down in the chair of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right.

But she sat in it so hard that the bottom fell out, and she fell through almost to the floor.

Then Silver Hair went upstairs to the chamber where the Bears slept.

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And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great Huge Bear, but that was too high at the head.

And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear, and that was too high at the foot.

And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right.

So she lay down upon it and fell fast asleep.

THE THREE BEARS.

Part II.

some'body
rough
cush'ion
straight
search
bus'i ness
shrill

While little Silver Hair lay fast asleep, the three Bears came home from their walk.

They thought their porridge would be cool enough by this time, and they went to breakfast.

Now little Silver Hair had left the

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spoon of the Great Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!" said he, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the Middle Bear looked at his pot of porridge and said:—

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!" in his middle voice.

And the Little Bear looked at his porridge and said, in a little, soft, wee voice:—

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

And so the Three Bears began to look about to find the thief.

Now little Silver Hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great Huge Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver Hair had pressed down the cushion of the Middle Bear when she sat upon it.

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"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know very well what Silver Hair had done to the third chair.

"*Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out!*" said the Little Bear, in his little, soft, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought they would search further; so they went upstairs to look into their chambers.

Now little Silver Hair had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED!" growled the Great Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver Hair had pulled the pillow of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little Small Wee Bear came to look at his bed, the pillow was in its right place, but upon the pillow was the head of little Silver Hair, which was not in its right place, for she had no business there.

"*Somebody has been lying on my bed — and here she is!*"

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piped the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little, soft, wee voice.

Little Silver Hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was like the roaring of the wind, and she did not wake.

And the middle voice of the Middle Bear was as if she heard some one speaking in her dream.

But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little Small Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it woke her at once.

Up she jumped; and when she saw the Three Bears at one side, she tumbled out at the other, and ran to the window.

Now the window was open, for good tidy Bears they were, and always opened their bedroom windows when they got up in the morning.

Out Silver Hair jumped, and away she ran into the wood; and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

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LESSON 1.— Pronounce:

crēa′tūre	prĭs′ŏn ẽr	friĕnd
strĕtch	prāised	squēal′ing
nŏn′sĕnse	growled	a frāid

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

I.

A hungry lion lay fast asleep in a thick wood. And there were some little mice who lived near by. They saw the great creature, and thought it would be fine sport to play Hide and Seek on his back.

So one little mouse hid in his thick mane; another ran under his paw. One crept behind his tail. The smallest one of all ran over and over his back, to find those that were hiding.

The little mice knew it was not quite safe, but they said it was all the more sport.

Suddenly, with a great gape and stretch, the lion woke.

How the mice ran!—all but the little one that was under his paw. It, poor thing, was held fast, and could not get away.

The lion was hungry, and a little cross. His first thought was to eat his poor little prisoner.

But the brave mouse put up its tiny paws, and looked the lion straight in the face.

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"Do not eat me, O lion!" she said. "Pray do not eat me! I'm such a little thing I should do you no good. And I've a mother and five brothers and sisters at home who would be so sad. If you will let me have my life now, I will do as much for you some day, indeed I will."

This made the lion laugh. But he was not a bad lion. He lifted his paw, and away ran the mouse, without so much as a "Thank you."

Before his little brothers and sisters had told the sad story, the little mouse was safe at his mother's side. How happy they all were, and how they praised the good lion.

II.

It was long afterward—as mice count time; these that played Hide and Seek in the wood had grown to be fathers and mothers, with little ones of their own, when a strange thing happened.

One of them—the very one that had been under the lion's paw—was near the place where they had had their play.

She heard the roar of a lion, and had a mind to run quickly away. The sound came again.

"I know that roar. It is my old friend," she said. "I will go and see what is the matter."

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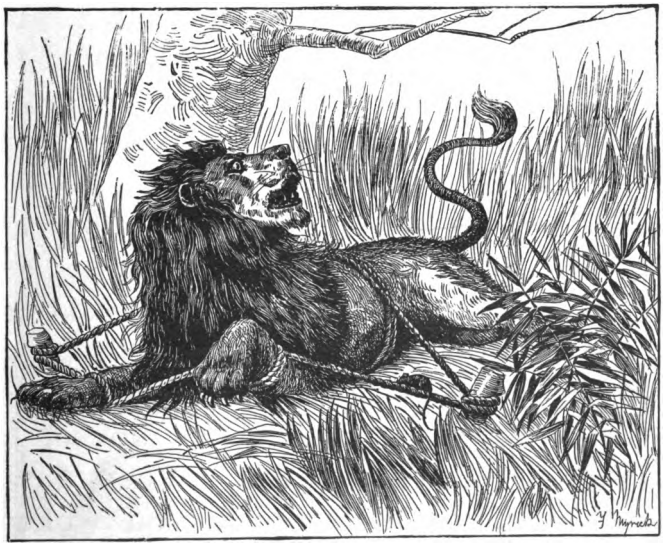
There lay the lion, roaring dreadfully.

"What is the matter?" said the mouse in her little squealing voice, but the lion did not hear.

So she went nearer, and spoke louder. She had to go close to his ear to make him hear.

"What is the matter?" she said again.

"Don't you see," said the lion, "how I am tied



up with these ropes? They will come soon and shoot me," and he roared in rage.

"Oh," said the mouse, "that is too bad."

She went and looked at the great rope that held the lion fast. He had got into a trap.

Then she crept close to his ear. "If you won't

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roar so loud, dear," she said in a motherly voice, "I will see if I cannot set you free."

"What nonsense," said the lion, and he filled the air with his roaring.

When he was still again, she said, "If you will lie still and not roar, I am sure I can save your life."

"How can you?" growled the lion.

"What are my sharp little teeth good for, if I cannot gnaw your rope so that you can get away before they come to shoot you," said the mouse.

It took a long time. The mouse was afraid all the time that the lion would snap at her and eat her up. But he lay still and looked at her as she worked so hard at the rope.

"What makes you so kind?" he said at last.

"Do you remember," said the mouse, "that you gave me my life once? When I was a young and giddy little child, you woke and found me under your paw, and you let me go free. I said I would do as much for you. I am doing it now, am I not?"

"You have saved my life," said the great lion.

And there was another story to tell at the mouse home after that.

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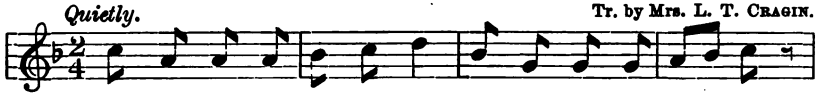
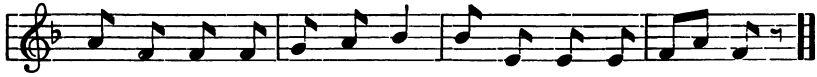
WINTER SONG.

F. Schubert.
Tr. by Mrs. L. T. Cragin.

Quietly.



Lightly, lightly falls the snow, Myriad flakes together;



Dancing, dancing to and fro, No one knoweth whither.

'Neath a mantle soft and white
Grass and flower sleepeth;
Safe through all the winter's night
Earth her treasure keepeth.

After Winter comes the May,
Sunshine warm, and showers;
Birds will sing and lambkins play;
Then, too, wake the flowers.

LESSON 2. — Write:

THE SEASONS.

Spring	Summer	Autumn	Winter

THE MONTHS.

January	April	July	October
February	May	August	November
March	June	September	December

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LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

stuffed	iced	pil'low	doc'tor	mat'ter
sweet'meats	learned	ẽar'ly	les'son	sug'ar

GREEDY HARRY.

There was a little boy whose name was Harry, and his papa and mamma sent him to school.

Harry was a bright boy and loved his book, and he came to be the first boy in his class.

So his mamma got up very early one morning, and called to Betty the maid, and said,—

"Betty, we will make a cake for Harry, he has learned his lessons so well."

And Betty said, "Yes, with all my heart." So they made him a nice cake.

It was very large, and was stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats. It was iced all over with sugar; it was white and smooth on the top like snow.

And when it was made, it was sent to the place where Harry was at school.

When little Harry saw his cake, he was very glad. He did not wait for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it with his teeth, and jumped about for joy.

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He ate till the bell rang for school; and after school he ate again. He ate and ate, till he went to bed; nay, he put his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some of it.

He ate till it was gone. But not long after this little boy was ill, and every one said,—

"I wonder what is the matter with little Harry. He used to be more full of play than any of the boys. Now he looks pale and seems very ill."

And some one said, "Harry had a rich cake, and ate it very soon. It is that which has made him ill."

So they sent for the doctor. When the doctor came, he gave him something very bitter. Poor Harry did not like it at all.

At last he got well. But his mamma said she must send him no more rich cake.

LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

care′ful | hĕav′y | mould′y | locked | crept

PETER CAREFUL.

Now there was another boy in the same school.

His name was Peter; the boys used to call him Peter Careful.

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And Peter wrote to his mamma a very pretty letter. There was not one blot in it all.

So his mamma sent him a cake.

Now Peter said to himself, "I will not make myself sick with this rich cake, as silly Harry did. I will keep it a great while."

So he took his cake and tugged it upstairs. It was very heavy; he could hardly carry it.

And he locked it in his box, and once a day he crept upstairs and ate a very little piece, and then he locked his box again.

So he kept his cake many weeks, and still it was not gone, for it was a large one.

But lo! the mice got into the box and ate some. And the cake got dry and mouldy, so that it was good for nothing at all.

He had to throw it away, and it made him sad at heart.

LESSON 2. — **Write:**

crept, slept, wept; whipped, stopped, stepped.

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LESSON 1.—Word Study.

be cause′	mer′ri ly	court	tears	din′ner
school′mates	fid′dler	bēard	cheeks	sup′per

RICHARD.

Well, there was another little boy at the same school, whose name was Richard.

And because she loved him and he loved her, his mamma sent *him* a cake.

When the cake came, Richard said to his school-

mates, "See! I have a cake; let us go and eat some of it."

So they came about him like a flock of bees. And Richard gave a piece to one, a piece to another, and a piece to another, till it was almost

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gone. Then he took a piece himself, and the rest he put away.

They all went to play, and they played together very merrily. But soon an old blind fiddler came into the court.

The fiddler had a long white beard. He was led by a little dog with a string.

He sat down upon a stone and said, "My pretty lads, if you would like, I will play you a tune." And they all left their play and came and stood around him.

Richard saw that while he played, tears ran down his pale cheeks; and he said, "Why do you cry, old man?"

"Because I am hungry," said the old man; "I have no one to give me a dinner or a supper. I have nothing in the world but this little dog. And I cannot work because I cannot see."

Then Richard went and got his cake. "Here, old man," he said, "here is some cake for you."

But the poor man could not see where it was.

So Richard put his cake in the old man's hat. The fiddler thanked him, and Richard was more happy than if he had eaten ten cakes.

Now which of these three boys, Harry, Peter, or Richard, do you like the best?

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

pēach'es | scam'per | shiv'er ing | far'mers | red'den

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow.

LESSON 2.

Write a sentence telling what each wind brings.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

shrubs	swim'ming	years	Rob'bie	shoul'der
ques'tions	bus' i ness	swans	sau'cy	po lice'man
voice	Cen'tral	bear	pock'et	squir'rel

ROBBIE'S VISIT TO THE PARK.

[A TRUE STORY.]

When Robbie was six years old, his aunt took him to Central Park one day.

The park is a very beautiful place. In some parts it is like a flower garden, only a great deal larger than any garden you ever saw.

Some parts are full of trees, and pretty shrubs that bear bright flowers.

Robbie liked very much to look at the flowers. He asked a great many questions about their names. "I do not see what harm there would be in picking a few," he said, "there are so many. Mamma says more flowers grow if we cut them." Still his aunt did not let him pick any.

There were lakes in the park, and snow-white swans were swimming on the clear water.

Robbie and his aunt had a sail in one of the boats such as you see in the picture. Robbie held out his hand with some cake in it, and a swan ate the cake out of his hand.

After the sail they walked across a bridge and saw some deer running about among the trees.

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Robbie held out some cake to them, but they did not come to get it.

"Oh, Aunt Jenny, come here, quick!" called Robbie. In a clump of bushes they saw the prettiest little gray squirrel that ever was. There he

sat on a branch that was not much higher than Robbie's head, and looked at them in a fearless, saucy way.

Aunt Jenny spoke to him, and he hopped off the tree. He ran along the path till he came to her, then ran up to her shoulder.

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Just then a tall policeman came out from the shade of a great tree. He called to the squirrel, but Bunny did not care to go away from his new friends.

The policeman told them it was a part of his business to watch the squirrel, and not let anyone take it away. He said Bunny would not often go to any one he did not know.

It was Aunt Jenny's voice that made him go to her. He ran up and down her arm, and looked at her in a very cunning way.

"I should like to own so nice a pet," said Robbie.

After a while they had to say good bye to the little fellow, for it was time for them to go home. Then the policeman put him into his coat pocket and walked away.

Robbie saw a great many other things in the park; but when he got home he said that what he liked best was the visit with the little squirrel.

A squirrel does make a pretty pet; but I do not think so kind a boy as Robbie would like to shut one up in a cage.

LESSON 2. — LANGUAGE.

Describe a swan. Describe a squirrel.

Write something this story tells you.

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THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the
tree;
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy.
Don't you hear? don't you see?
Hush! look in my tree!
I'm as happy as happy can be."

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest,
do you see?
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree.
Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy:
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be—
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be."

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LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

gap'ing | cat'er pil lar | hur'ry | re turns' | dain'ty

YOUNG BIRDS.

Did you ever see the nest
Of robin or of linnet,
With the little downy birds
All lying snugly in it?

Gaping wide their yellow mouths
For something nice to eat,
Caterpillar, grub, or worm
They think are dainty meat.

When the mother-bird returns,
And finds them still and good,
She will give them, each in turn,
Their little share of food.

I have seen the birdies chirp,
And shake their downy wings;
They are pleased to see her come,
And pleased with what she brings.

But I never saw them seem
In a hurry for their food:
Is *somebody*, at dinner time,
Always quite as good?

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LESSON 1.— WORD STUDY.

treat	breast	lis'ten	thief	to geth'er
scorn	stir	in trude'	brood	cru'el

WHO STOLE THE NEST?

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"Bobolink! Bobolink!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow.
I gave hairs the nest to make;
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

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"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word to you.
Who stole the pretty nest
From little yellow breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line;
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"Caw! Caw!" said the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day."

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

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Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-wirr!
All the birds make a stir.
"Let's find out his name
And all cry 'for shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow breast.
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name.

LESSON 2.—LANGUAGE.

Look back over the lines and find the words that rhyme.

WRITE:

Cluck, bobolink, chirr-a-whirr, bow-wow, caw, caw, moo-oo, baa.

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LESSON 1. — WORD STUDY.

to geth′er	dai′sies	pas′sion	frills	al though′
weath′er	hon′est	fash′ion	gown	swal′lows

DISCONTENT.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near this buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall!
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color;
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said the sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying?"

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"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy:
I'd rather be my honest self,
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy, golden head;
Mother said, "Darling, do all that you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

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LESSON 1.—WORD STUDY.

guard	tongue	sear	un ru'ly	cause
wrong	pry'ing	e'vil	mem'bers	bus'y

GOOD COUNSEL.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong;
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it.
That it speak no wrong,
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thy eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be.
Guard, while thou art young,
Ears, and eyes, and tongue.

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HOW EDA AMUSED THE BABY.

a muse′	car′riage	e nough′	ca nal′	quiv′er
a mused′	knocked	(e nuff)	twin′kle	tur′tle

Mamma is busy, nurse is sick; Eda must amuse baby Bessie, her little sister.

"I'll take you in your carriage down through the buttercup meadow," says Eda; "way down the river."

It was a very little river. Older people called it the brook; but Eda said it was just big enough for a play river, and she was right.

They went to the bank and threw stones into the water for a long time. At last a thought came into Eda's head that made her eyes twinkle. "Oh, let's play canal-boat! that will amuse you better than anything. Mamma said I must 'amuse' you, don't you know?

"I'll run back and get a tub and play it's a canal-boat. And I will get a rope, too, and be the horse that pulls it along, you know."

Bessie did not know; but she sat still while Eda went to get the tub and rope. The tub was hard to carry. It knocked her ankles at every step, and she came back with a very red face.

She put Bessie into the tub, but the little lips

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began to quiver. Bessie had never had a tub-ride on the water, and was not sure about it.

Eda saw the cry coming. So she gave light

finger-taps on eyes, nose, mouth, and chin, saying,—

"Eye winker, Tom Tinker, nose dropper,
Mouth eater, chin chopper, chin chopper."

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Bessie laughed, and held on tightly to the tub. Then the horse started, singing,—

"I have a little sister, we call her Peep Peep;
She rides on the water, deep, deep, deep,"

when over went the little sister, tub and all.

But the water was not "deep, deep, deep," and Bessie kept her head up like a little turtle taking a sun-bath.

Eda dashed in and dragged her out; and they both set up such a scream that mamma came running down to them. She took them home to get dry, and told Eda it would not be safe to amuse baby in that way again.

A SELFISH BOY.

sel′fish	sau′cer	com′pa ny	porch	splen′did
kitch′en	di vide′	straw′ber ries	bowl	pleas′ure

Davy had light curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. He was a very pretty boy to look at. But he was selfish. He did not like to share anything with his brothers and sisters.

One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a

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saucer of jelly. "May I have that?" he asked. "Where did you get it?"

"Mrs. White sent it. She is to have company at dinner, and has made this nice jelly. If you won't be selfish with it, you may have it."

Davy thanked his mother, and took the saucer of jelly out into the yard; but he did not call his brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"There won't be a spoonful apiece if I divide," he said. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have such a little."

So he ran to the barn, and up to the loft, where he was sure no one would look for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly, he heard his sister Fannie calling him. But he did not answer. He kept very still.

"They always want some of everything I have," he said to himself. "If I have just a ginger-snap, they think I ought to give each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, Davy went down into the barnyard and played with the little white calf and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He did not feel like finding the other children or going into the house.

"Oh, Davy," said Fannie, running into the barnyard, "where have you been this long time?"

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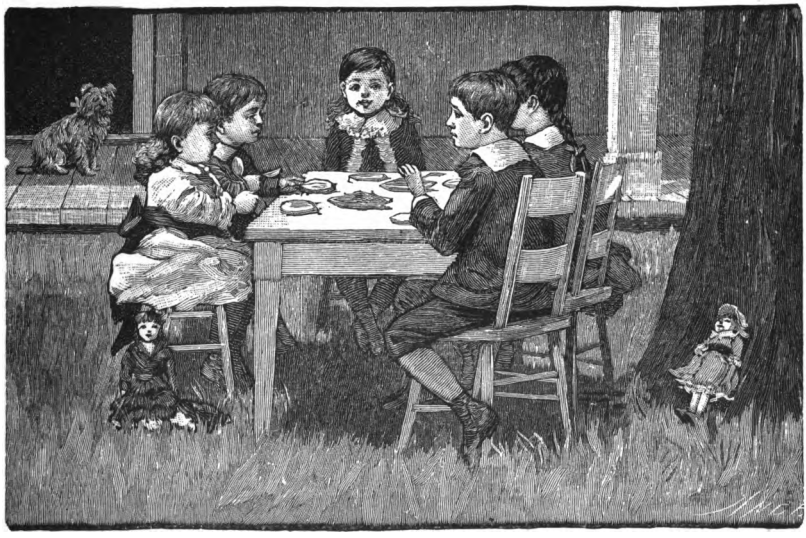
"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that his sister was going to ask about the jelly.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fanny. "We had all the little doll's dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch; and we



had strawberries, cake, and raisins. Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs. White saw us from her window, and she sent over a big bowl of ice cream and some jelly left from her dinner. We had a splendid time. You ought to have been there."

Poor Davy! How little pleasure he had had, and how much he had lost.

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WHERE TO WALK.

haw′thorn | ha′zel | clus′ter ing | chirp | trout

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea—
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee—
That's the way for Billy and me.

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Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thickest, greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee—
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free—
That's the way for Billy and me.

There let us walk, there let us play,
Through the meadow among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea—
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

TWO LITTLE INDIANS.

cot'tage	In'di ans	blan'ket	an'swer
can'vas	vis'it ed	fel'lows	o'pened

Harry and Philip are at the seashore. They live in a pretty cottage and have very merry times. One day they came to their mamma and asked for a tent. They wished to have it put on the rocks close by the sea. When their papa came home, he made a tent for them.

Harry and Philip were little fellows, only

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six and seven years old. They wanted to be Indians and sleep in a tent.

Some real Indians had a camp on the shore not far away. They made baskets and sold them to the ladies and children. Philip and Harry went to see them and were much pleased.

"You will get tired of your tent when it grows cold," said their mamma.

"You will come creeping into the house as soon as it is dark," said the nurse.

The boys opened their large eyes, but did not answer. When the stars came out, they went into their tent.

"May we leave the door open so that we can see the water?" asked Philip.

"Yes," said mamma.

The door was only a bit of cloth. Papa and mamma

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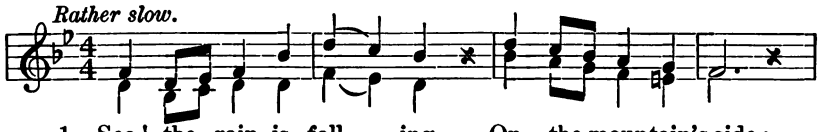
walked down when bedtime came. There they were, fast asleep, with a smile on each little brown face. Without pillow or bed, they had gone to rest as happy as two kings.

"'Only a blanket just like the Indians,' was their wish, and they have one," said papa.

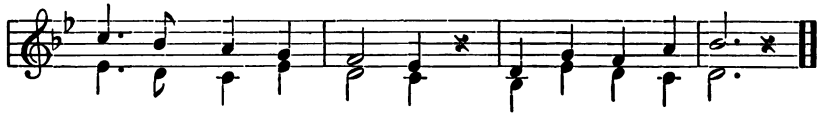
"I am afraid they will take cold here," said tender-hearted mamma; so they were taken into the house and put to bed.

How sorry they were in the morning! "We wanted to be really, truly Indians!" But some one said, "They are brave little boys, and will make brave men some day." And brave, good men are needed in the world.

THE SHOWER.



1. See! the rain is fall - ing On the mountain's side;
2. See! the cool-ing show - er Comes at God's command,



See the clouds be - stow - ing Blessings far and wide!
Brightens ev - 'ry flow - er, Cools the heat- ed land.

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A WINTER WASH-DAY.

drear'y	nur'ser y	wrapped	saw'dust	worse
a'pron	gath'er ing	tow'el	be lieve'	i'ron

"Oh, dear!" said Mattie, "this is such a dreary day."

"There's not a thing for us to do," said Nettie. "I'm tired of every one of our plays. I wish we could go out!"

They stood in the bay-window, with arms about each other, and looked out upon the snow. At last Mattie had a happy thought.

"I'm sure our doll's clothes need washing," she cried; "let's have a grand washing!"

"Oh, yes!" said her sister; "and we can dry the clothes before the fire."

They asked leave of the nurse, and were told they might do as large a washing as they pleased. She spread down an old rug in a corner of the nursery and gave them the small bath-tub and two washbowls.

Then she fixed the light clothes-rack in front of the grate for drying the clothes. A large spotted apron was tied on Mattie, and a checked one on Nettie; then they were ready for work.

"We shall have a very large wash," said

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Nettie. "Josephine has been so careless. She has not one pair of clean stockings left, and Eva Dalis is about as bad. She's worse on her skirts."

"I believe my Amy Ruth gets her aprons

dirtier than anything else. Baby Bunting is just awful on her socks, and Daisy Dimple gets everything she has on soiled almost in no time," said Mattie.

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All this time the little mothers were gathering up their dolls' clothes for the wash. They took off some that the dollies were wearing.

So one little doll, who had lost an arm, had to be wrapped in a blanket; and another, who was weak in the back from loss of sawdust, had to be put to bed.

Daisy Dimple was wrapped in a towel and placed near the grate, so as not to take cold, and Josephine had to sit with her feet under her, because all her stockings were in the wash.

"It will teach them to be more careful," said Nettie. Mattie and Nettie made a fine suds and went to work with a will.

They washed the clothes in the nice suds, then rinsed them in clear water, and hung them on the bars of the rack.

It did not take long for them to dry, and the girls folded and rolled them to iron the next morning.

"How tired it makes us!" said Nettie, as they sat down in their rocking-chairs.

Their mamma came in then and said she would read to them while they rested.

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WHAT A DIME WAS WORTH.

Pen′nock	bank′er	pen′nies	al read′y	un der stand′
Wil′liam	af ford′	car′ried	Rog′ers	month

William Pennock Rogers had a dime. It was on his birthday. He was, on that day, five years

of age. He had had pennies before, and once a five-cent piece, but he had never had a dime.

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A dime is ten cents. Penn carried it to his Uncle Frank and asked him to keep it for him. Uncle Frank had never been banker for a boy of five years before. He says he cannot afford to be any more.

The same morning, Penn wanted some candy, and so he got one cent from Uncle Frank; then, soon, some buns, and so he got three cents.

The next day, he could not see why he should not have ten cents for a top and five for a whip. He got them, too, and so had nineteen cents already out of the ten that came to him on his birthday.

In an hour after, Penn asked for seven cents more—all these out of that one poor ten-cent piece. Uncle Frank tried to make him understand that his money was all gone, but he cried, and Uncle Frank gave him the seven cents.

I suppose Penn would have gone on asking for some of his dime for a month or so, if Uncle Frank had not gone away on a visit, so that the boy forgot all about it.

DICTATION. — WRITE:

One and three and ten and five and seven are —

$$1 + 3 + 10 + 5 + 7 =$$

Spell and Write the boy's whole name.

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FANNY'S CUCKOO CLOCK.

op'po site	twelve	po lite'ly	ẽar'nest	wheth'er
Eng'lish	cuck'oo	par'lor	use'ful	suc ceed'

FANNY MAY was six years old. On her birthday she opened her eyes very early in the morning; and what do you think she saw? Right opposite her bed was the prettiest clock she ever saw,—a real, English, cuckoo clock.

The cuckoo, you know, is an English bird. We do not see them in our country. It doesn't sing, but it says, "Cuckoo, cuckoo," just as plainly as you can say it.

Fanny's clock is called a "cuckoo" clock because, when it strikes the hours, it says "Cuckoo!" At one o'clock it calls "Cuckoo" once, at two o'clock, twice, and so on through all the hours. At twelve o'clock a little door on the top of the clock flies open, and out pops the cuckoo himself. He bows his head politely and "cuckooes" twelve times. Every time he says "Cuckoo" he opens his mouth and flaps his wings. Then he hops back into his little

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parlor and shuts the door behind him. In some cuckoo clocks the bird comes out every time the clock strikes.

This was the birthday present that Fanny's father gave her. It was a useful one, too. Fanny was a wide-awake little girl when she was awake. But sometimes it was hard work to get her eyes open in the morning. They would shut down again, she said.

But she made up her mind, as this was her sixth birthday, that when her little clock "cuckooed" five times, she would get right up, whether her eyes were open or shut.

When little girls or boys make up their minds to do anything, and are in real earnest, they are pretty sure to succeed.

After two or three mornings Fanny found it easy enough. She said her eyes opened of themselves when her little cuckoo called her at five o'clock.

And so her cuckoo clock has made Fanny an early riser.

GENERAL LESSON.

The use of the pendulum, the weight, the dial-plate, the hour and minute hands of a clock.

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